

More Acts Of Spite

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Category:	Gen
Fandom:	DreamSMP
Relationships:	Wilbur Soot & Technoblade & TommyInnit & Phil Watson , Ranboo & TommyInnit & Toby Smith Tubbo , Grayson Purpled & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Everyone & Everyone
Characters:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Grayson Purpled (Video Blogging RPF) , Floof The Dog - Character , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Toby Smith Tubbo , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , and more! - Character
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Superheroes/Superpowers , Hero Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Vigilante TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Vigilante Grayson Purpled , Hero Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Hero Wilbur Soot , Tommy Is A Mess , oneshots , Old Scenes , Angst , Most Non-Canon But Not All , Floof Is A Girlboss , this really is just from brainrot , chapters will be short as hecc , No Beta We Die Like Technoblade Doesn't , Crack and Angst , literally it changes chapter to chapter , there might be main-fic clues here... , also ARG clues for the ARG-ers
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More Acts Of Spite

by [ellis \(ellabellachicketychella\)](#).

Summary

Could I stop having brainrot about scenes that could logically never happen?

No. No I could not.

TINAAOS has a lot of things planned, these are not some of them. A oneshot book with ideas/scenes/canon oneshots I wrote often instead of sleeping, or doing anything practical.

Notes

Hi! Welcome. These are a bunch of oneshots, and other situations. Some are super short.

HOWEVER, SOME ARE CANON! SOME ARE NOT.

NON-CANON ONESHOTS WILL HAVE A * AT THE START OF THEIR CHAPTER NAME

While the canon ones will have nothing.

Warning: most of the non-canon ones will deal with death, severe amounts of angst. I will put more warnings on those chapters!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Floof Oneshot

Chapter Notes

Welcome! Have a nice fluffy one to start off with

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Floof was a dog.

A dog was Floof, while Floof didn't understand the concept of what a dog was. As he was a dog, most dogs don't have a concept of self. Because... they are dogs—

Floof was a dog.

But he was a dog on a mission, to rid the world of all. *Things*.

It was a human— again, Floof didn't understand the concept of a human. He was very small, and the humans were very big. And some gave him food! Some humans were nice to him, others were not.

Like the human! With the beanie (again, Floof did not understand the concept of a beanie, instead it looked like weird hair. Well, he didn't even have thoughts in a way that humans could understand him.

Instead they looked more like: *Woof woof woof woof wof. Woof wof woof woof.*

However that would be a boring story, and whatever weird higher power that created this mess, would be murdered by their friend!

Floof is ridding the world of all people with weird hair (a beanie) and the one he hates the most is the duck human. The duck human.

The duck human once kicked him.

Floof was just trying to give the duck human a hug, and then the duck human seemed to be crying out. Almost like he was trying to bark back, and there was red everywhere, a lot of yelling and Technoblade holding onto him.

That was fun!

Floof was going to finally get rid of the duck human.

He could sniff out the duck human any year, so moved through the tower like the absolute boss he was. In fact he managed to press the pressy thing in the moving box, and the moving box did the moving.

It was amazing the way the world worked! The moving box did the moving thing, and would bring him to the duck human.

The door made a noise and Floof teleported to another level, he stepped out of the elevator.

He could smell the fear.

Good. Duck Human should be, Floof trotted up to where he could sense the fear of the Duck Human. Before jumping up on the couch, (Techno said he wasn't supposed to do that.) But what did Techno know about anything?

Duck Human made a high pitched noise, before stumbling over his own feet. Floof barked happily, before approaching Duck Human who yelled even more. Floof yapped, and he screamed.

Huh!

Where was the purple boy?

He liked the purple boy, and his purple clothes. It was very cozy and warm for Floof. Wherever Duck Human was, Purple Boy normally followed.

Sure enough, Purple Boy was there, he sighed and picked up Floof. Saying something that Floof could not understand, as he was a dog, and dogs typically only understand a small portion of the English language.

Mainly pertaining to the sentences “walk”, “stop” and “good boy”. But Floof was okay with that, as long as he kept getting affection from people. He had no need to learn the human dialect.

Maybe he'd go have a nap. That sounded rather lovely!

Chapter End Notes

As dogs... shockingly enough, do not speak English. This was very fun to write

* Floof And Techno Angst

Chapter Summary

Warnings: talks of accidentally hurting an animal

Techno freezes, Floof at the door. Looking expectantly, he bounds up to Techno being all cute and dog-like.

Out of instinct Techno raises his hands, flinching back against the wall and blinking at the dog. Techno struggles to find anything to say. He needs Floof to leave.

"Floof— you need to leave. I'll hurt you—"

Floof just tilts his head at Techno, eyes curious as he blinks at him. Floof yaps, apparently curious. Floof runs forwards, and Techno stands up and moves back.

"Don't." Techno says.

Floof is so small, he's so innocent, he's so fragile. Techno can hurt him so easy, he doesn't want to. Anything but that. Techno shakes his head and moves backwards.

"Floof—" he chokes out. "Don't, buddy, I'm gonna hurt you—" he struggles to say anything, tears welling in his eyes. "Please."

And Floof just jumps into Techno's lap, head butting him and Techno almost cries. He puts his hands up, not willing to hurt Floof.

"Floof."

Floof looks up at him, eyes so trusting and caring. Techno will hurt him, he can't control his powers and he wants Floof to just leave.

"Floof... please."

And Techno has had a pretty shit life but seeing his dog. With eyes filled with trust despite everything... that makes him burst out into tears.

"Floof," Techno says, like that will remove this... tiny delicate thing from his lap. "Buddy. I'm going to hurt you. I don't want to hurt you, you need to move." Floof looks up at him, so stubborn in the way that he almost seems to glare. And all the trust in those little eyes. More tears roll down Techno's face. "Buddy... please."

Floof doesn't move, in fact out of spite he buries his face into Techno's side, and yaps softly. Part of Techno knows he's freaking out, and Floof has been trained to stop that. The other part of him wants to start sobbing, he doesn't want to hurt Floof—

He's going to hurt Floof. He can't control his strength. He's dangerous, and he can't live with himself if he hurts Floof. "Floof. Move." Techno manages around tears. "Floof."

*** Fuck You. (Angsts Your Bedrock Bros)**

Chapter Notes

Warnings: fires, implied character death

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The fire burst in front of them, and Tommy screamed. Throwing up his arms.

"What do we do!"

"I'm thinking!" Techno yelled back, a part of building fell in front of them. And Techno hissed, jumping backwards. "I— use your powers!"

"They're not working—"

A crash, next to him. And Techno wasn't standing upright, instead crushed underneath rubble.

"Techno!"

"It's okay, it's okay," he pushed at the rubble and Tommy watched the panic on his face.

Oh. He was actually stuck.

More rubble fell around them.

"Tommy! Go!"

"No!" He yelled back, looking around. He needed a plan. No one was dying here today. "I'm not leaving you again!"

"—Tommy..."

"Tommy it's fine! I'll make it out!" Techno yelled above the roar. "Tommy. You need to get outta here."

Tommy shook his head. "I left you once. No way in fuck I'm doing it again... Floof would kill me."

"And you're a kid! Run. Don't stay here you idiot, go!"

"No!"

"That's stupid! Don't die a hero. Leave you, idiot."

"No!"

"Why? You're going to die, LEAVE!"

"BECAUSE YOU'RE MY BROTHER. AND FAMILY COMES FIRST!"

"AND AS YOUR BROTHER. I AM CALLING YOU A FUCKING IDIOT, AND TO LEAVE. I'D RATHER YOU SURVIVE THAN ME ANY DAY."

"WELL FUCK YOU, YOU HAVE WILBUR AND PHIL AND NIKI AND EVEN QUACKITY WHO YOU NEED TO SEE AGAIN."

"SO DO YOU!"

Then it all fell.

And that was it.

Chapter End Notes

This one was written, as I was playing with dialogue and the effect of the warehouse, still on Tommy. If this was ever going to be canon it would be expanded on A LOT, like *a lot*, as this is mostly dialogue and character actions. Which is not the most effective way to write a scene.

Purpled and Tommy, and Legacy

Chapter Notes

I really wanted to find a way to make this one work, however I could never find a time that wouldn't make it seem natural. This one is canon compliant however! I can imagine Purpled and Tommy having this conversation.

This was inspired by the Quackity lore (yes, it's been written for *that* long). About legacy, it reminded me of a late night conversation with my best friends, so that was the vibe this scene was going for.

Warnings: talks of death

Purpled sighs, looking at Tommy. He doesn't sit back up. Nah. They're just two teenagers laying on a roof for no reason. Neither of them are even in vigilante gear, something about of it is freeing. They can't see the stars because of the light pollution, but he can almost imagine them if he squints enough. There's a couple of sparkles, and the brightness of the moon.

"What's your legacy?" Purpled asks.

"Want me to avoid the obvious Hamilton joke?"

Purpled just makes an offended noise.

"I... I don't know what my legacy is. I barely know what a legacy is."

"What you leave behind when you're gone," Purpled says sleepily. He rubs his eyes. "When you're gone, the things that really mattered. It's fun to think about, that your life makes an indent on this world. To the few people who you ever get to indent on."

"Yeah," Tommy says quietly. "Maybe... Theseus."

Purpled laughs, "You are Theseus fuckwad, how the fuck—"

"Well," Tommy sighs, "Theseus feels like more than me now. It feels like the weight of the world, and like it's more than me. It's a symbol against authority, it's someone who's celebrated. And I look at that— and it won't disappear once I die."

"Huh," Purpled sighs, "Maybe. I think your legacy would be the people you know as Tommy."

Tommy looks at him, screwing up his nose. "I mean I guess."

"I dunno," Purpled says looking out across the other roof tops. "Maybe not. Theseus is... a lot, and does imprint on people. But you're... something else."

"What does that mean?" Tommy asks softly.

"That means, that... you are incredible," Purpled says quietly, "And you're my best friend and I would not risk the world for you. You're more than Theseus, I won't miss Theseus if you die before me, I'd miss Tommy."

Tommy laughs, a soft thing. "Thanks Purps."

Purpled snorts and shakes his head. "Your legacy is just... love, I suppose."

"Huh?"

"Well," Purpled glances at Tommy, and smiles a little bit brighter. "You bring something to this world, something that's so quiet. Most look over it, but it's some sort of energy,

attachment to— stuff. You're attached to people and things, and animals and— you just love a lot."

"Should I not?"

"Nah," Purpled shakes his head. "It's nice. Everyone's always so sure that attachments make you weak. They might, they might make you easier to manipulate, or easier to hurt. But they also make you strong, they give you ones to rely on, they give you love."

"That's pretty deep," Tommy deadpans, laying down flat on his back. Spreading his arms out in either direction and just... looking up at the inky black sky. "specially coming from you Purps."

"What can I say?" Purpled says, he's quieter than usual. "Sometimes you gotta tell people how much you care."

"I know."

"Huh?"

"That you care," Tommy says, "You don't need to tell me, I know."

"I want to."

"Okay," Is Tommy's response. "Weird to think about my legacy. What and who I leave behind... I never became Theseus to just be some person. I did it because... I don't really know, maybe I had something to prove."

"Maybe you did," Purpled nods. "Maybe I do."

"Maybe you do," Tommy agrees.

"Maybe we both do."

"I think so." Tommy looks out at the cars.

"We will not be like them."

"No." Tommy glances at Purpled, a weight in his gaze that he didn't know he had in him. "We won't. We're better than those who raised us."

"Yeah," Purpled whispers. "We'll just try to be better... that's what really counts. Surely?"

And Tommy... he agrees completely and wholly.

* ungold's your duo

Chapter Summary

it's in the chapter title i guess.

Chapter Notes

I revealed to the discord server there was a version of tinaaos in which Purpled betrays Tommy and stabs him in the back (literally). So this might not make a lot of sense for tina!purpled's current character in tinaaos. But if this was gonna happen then it would've, because I would've done the set up.

Capiche? ALSO THE SITUATION THAT HAPPENS (Elysium taking over) is not happening, I just thought of something that might make sense.

WARNINGS: (PLEASE READ THESE)

- *implied major character death (THIS ONE IS SUPER IMPORTANT PLEASE TAKE NOTE OF IT)*
- *blood (blood loss in particular)*
- *guns*
- *knives*
- *mentions of fires & explosions*

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy sits down, for the first time in maybe... an hour. His hands are covered in blood, both his own and other people's. The city is going up in smoke and there's nothing he can do apart from watch the show.

He sits down on the top of the building.

Technically— this is his fault. He doesn't say anything as he looks at the buildings though. The hero tower is on fire, everything's on fire. Elysium's Angels are running around killing heroes (he thinks.)

And there's nothing he can do, he's spent— his powers are useless. He's exhausted. He... he's so tired.

He's so tired and he has been tired for... again, so incredibly long it almost hurts him. He's been tired since he got his job at the tower, he's been tired since he was six and already fighting for survival.

He is. So, so tired.

Someone lands next to him and Tommy looks at them. It's Purpled, arms crossed and mouth in the slightest of smiles as he watches the hero tower in the skyline, with smoke billowing out of the side of it.

"Huh, nice work."

"Don't," Tommy snaps. "I didn't mean to—"

"I know," Purpled says, and his voice is filled with so much sincerity it almost hurts. "What a way to go out, all flights out of L'Manberg have been cancelled. Any boats are being sunk, we're on an island that's going up in smoke."

Tommy huffs and crosses his arms. "It's our home."

"Yeah..." Purpled mutters, "It is, isn't it? That's the sad bit."

"I don't know where Tubbo and Ranboo are."

"Oh."

“Or Techno, Wilbur and Phil. Or Dream or Niki or— I don’t know if they’re looking for me, or if they’re all dead.”

Purpled nods, before sitting down next to Tommy.

They’re quiet, they’ve sat like this before.

This time the only thing different is the smoke in the air, threatening to choke everyone, threatening to take everything away from them. And it might, if this is what Elysium wants... Tommy thinks this is what they want.

Purpled takes a deep breath, “Are you really going to watch this city go up?”

Tommy pauses for a moment, before crossing his arms and looking out across the country—the city, whatever his home is.

The home that hates him, the home that he came to happy and was left spit up on the pavement bleeding.

“Let it burn,” Tommy says, “Maybe they’ll do this better next time.”

Purpled doesn’t say anything, he just looks down at his shoes in complete silence.

Tommy glances at him. “Purps you okay?”

Purpled looks at Tommy, then away again. “I’m sorry.”

Then Purpled lunges.

Tommy yells, throwing his arms up. He manages to get his hand on Purpled's forehead and pushes it away from him. Purpled fights against Tommy, he has a knife and Tommy does not need that.

"What the fuck?" Tommy yells, he manages to shove off of him.

Purpled looks up at Tommy slowly and cracks the slightest smile.

He swings again with the knife, and Tommy blocks with his arm. The knife pierces his skin and drives into his arm. Tommy and Purpled both stare at the knife for a moment. Purpled's eyes are wide.

Then Purpled shoves Tommy, and Tommy yells as the knife is drawn out of his arm.

Blood starts spilling.

"Could we talk about this?" Tommy yells, holding his stab wound with his other hand.
"Please? *Please?*"

Purpled looks at him for a moment.

"Do you really want me to be the first person you kill?"

That makes Purpled falter, if only for a moment. "I— I am doing what I have to."

"You don't have to do anything, dipshit!" Tommy's hand covering his wound is covered in blood. It's spilling onto the concrete, "This isn't a last ditch effort— we can figure this out."

“This city is going up!” Purpled yells, “There’s explosives rigged under L’Manberg, there have been for days. My way off this Prime forsaken island is with your body. So just let me —” Purpled goes for it again, and Tommy manages to throw himself back just in time.

The knife scrapes past his cheek and Tommy looks at Purpled.

“Purps come on— they’re really not gonna let you off this island—”

Purpled pulls out his gun and shoots.

His hands are shaking slightly, and that’s worth something, Tommy’s not sure what. But it's worth something, something at least.

Tommy looks down at the red that’s slowly spilling out of his stomach. He looks up at Purpled. His hands are shaking a concerning amount.

“I’m sorry.” Purpled says.

They both know he means it.

“You had that the entire time,” Tommy whispers. “Take the shot.”

“What?” Purpled says.

“Take the shot, for real,” Tommy says. “I don’t want to bleed out, that can’t be how I go. You know where shooting someone will kill right?”

Purpled doesn’t move.

That's an answer in itself. They both knew it.

There was a concerning amount of blood, Tommy's head felt fuzzy. Everything was fuzzy—it was almost nice. To block out the world falling apart at their feet, and for a moment it was almost like the early vigilante days.

When Tommy and Purpled would sit on a roof and train. Or they'd talk about nothing (Tommy would talk, Purpled would listen.)

It's been a long time since then.

Purpled raises the gun slowly.

"See you in Hell," Tommy muses.

"Don't—" Purpled says.

"If you need my dead body to get out of L'Manberg— please, please just take the shot. I don't want to bleed out, and die slowly, no one wants that—" his vision goes fuzzy for a moment.

Oh. That's the tears.

"You're going to get out of L'Manberg," Tommy says slowly, he can feel his words slurring. Well that's really not great for him. "And— live your life, ideally get Tubbo and Ranboo too, they don't have to know—"

Purpled raises the gun.

“I’m sorry.”

“I know.”

Chapter End Notes

Good news! None of that is canon!
I got too attached to golden duo.

HOWEVER, there's some... things and foreshadowing to actual future events!

Audio Transcript 348

Chapter Notes

This one is 100% canon sorry boiz.

Had to practice this type of writing for school, so now I'm here

Warnings: fireworks, explosions, upsetting content

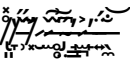
basically it's an audio transcript of what happened to Tubbo in chapter 27 of TINAAOS.
Please, please be careful.


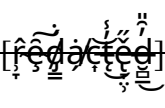
ARG-ers, luv ya <333

Audio Transcript 348:


File Name: Prime District Area Audio Transcript #101 097

Audio Length: 00:02:31

Date: 

: What do you know about 

Tubbo: I told you, I don't know anything. Why would I even know anything about—

: You think we're dumb, boy, we know. Tell us what you've found out.

Tubbo: I really think you got the wrong guy, can I please go back to class? I really have this maths assignment I need to get done, so if I can just go—

[footsteps]

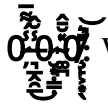


Hold on, we ain't lettin' you go that easily.

Tubbo: I really think it's just better for everyone if you do.

[something rustling]

[00:00:22-00:00:30 *silence*]



What do you know?

Tubbo: Y—you don't really need that. Really— I promise.



Fella over here has healing powers, one with that thing pointed at you is resistant to burns. Tell us what we wanna know and they won't even fire it.

Tubbo: IS THAT A FUCKING *FIREWORK*? NO— YOU ARE NOT DOING— no, no, please don't, please don't. Please just let me go, I haven't done anything. Please, I'm just trying to get to class. Please, please— I just want to go to class and do my maths and whatever the fuck else. Please, I really don't know—

[00:00:55-00:01:24]

[explosion]

[screaming]

~~XXXX~~: Now boy, tell us what we want to know and we'll heal that rather nasty looking burn on yours. Ain't that right?

~~XXXX~~: Completely right, just tell us... doesn't it hurt awfully? Tell us and I can make it all stop. I know it hurts really bad, but I can change that. Just tell us what you know.

Tubbo: 00:01:37–00:01:44 [indistinguishable]

~~XXXX~~: What was that?

Tubbo: 00:01:46–00:02:13 [indistinguishable]

~~XXXX~~: And it was that easy, all that for that. Was it worth it?

Tubbo: Please, it hurts—

[end of transcript]

Part 1. Deo's and Wisp's Argument

Chapter Notes

This one is canon!

How the publishing process of this oneshot went:

write it. wifi no work. have dinner and feel sick. have a nap. wifi fixed.
that is /gen how that went

warnings: yelling & arguing, implied/referenced child abuse, mentions of knives, guns and people dying. Also this all takes place in a gang, so there's some mentions to gang violence and stuff like that

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“We can’t just—”

“Well we’re running out of options!” Wisp yells back, “There’s only so long we can send people in there who come back fucking dead.”

“So you suggest we send in Tommy? A *child*?” Deo yells.

Tommy sighs and wraps the blanket around himself a little bit tighter. It’s been like this the past— week, since Wisp sent in Business Bay’s best scouts and none of them came back alive.

Gang warfare is a different type of existence, and one that Tommy has happily kept out of up until now. He leans against the wall, hoping that he can ignore the yelling and the fighting that’s happening all the time.

He can’t really, it’s gotten too loud.

“These people have killed our best, and you want to send in *Tommy*? He can’t control his powers.”

“Exactly!” Wisp yells back, “He can’t control his powers, do you know, how perfect this is? The only thing we *do* know about his powers is that they go to extreme lengths to make sure he isn’t hurt or killed.”

“You’re using him like a time-bomb!”

The door opens, and Tommy looks up. It’s Luke, he sighs and leans against the door frame. Sometimes Tommy remembers how similar they look, and then he has a small breakdown because of how similar they look.

Blond hair... yeah that’s about it.

Luke gives a sad smile, “How you doin’ bud?”

“Great,” Tommy mutters.

They both know he doesn’t mean it, and Tommy isn’t even going to try to hide it. Luke sighs and sits down in front of Tommy, crossing his legs before looking at him for a moment. He’s understanding, the prick.

“You doin’ okay?”

“Deo and Wisp are currently debating whether I should or shouldn’t be used as a weapon, yeah, I am going. Fan-fucking-tastic.”

Luke nods, “Yeah... it’s not a great situation for sure.”

“I’d do it, you know,” Tommy says looking down at his feet. “I’d... go in there, and whatever happened would happen.”

Luke shakes his head, “Deo would never let that happen.”

“Is it always about what Deo wants?” Tommy whispers, “I’m not six anymore, I can take care of myself.”

“Kid,” Luke sighs, “You’re twelve.”

“Almost thirteen—”

“We’re not sending you into what is essentially a death mission.”

Tommy crosses his arms and glares.

“DO YOU ONLY SEE HIM AS A WEAPON?” Deo yells, and *yells* . Tommy winces at it, and Luke moves so he’s in between the door and Tommy. Tommy could not be more thankful for that. “RATHER THAN— HMM I DUNNO, THE KID THAT *YOU* WANTED TO BRING IN?”

“They’re not gonna hurt each other,” Luke says quietly, “Or you. Or me. No one is going to hurt anyone else.”

“They’re not gonna hurt anyone,” Tommy repeats, his voice shaking far more than he likes. “They’re not gonna hurt anyone. They’re not—” his voice breaks off into a sob and Luke’s expression somehow softens more.

“Hey, you’re okay, you’re okay,” Luke whispers, moving slightly closer. “They’re not gonna hurt you, okay? And if they even fucking look at you the wrong way I will literally kill them.”

Tommy responds by pressing his hand against his mouth and shaking a little bit more. “Loud — can’t be—” he manages through shuddering breaths and Luke shakes his head. He doesn’t try to hug Tommy, or even touch him. And Tommy has never been more grateful for this. “Can’t—”

“You can,” Luke says softly, “This is your house too. If they can scream, then you can be loud. Tommy, they’re not gonna hurt each other— okay, or you? Never you, no one here will ever hurt you. I promise.”

Tommy sobs, before launching himself into Luke’s arms. Luke doesn’t say much, he just holds Tommy tightly, like somehow that will tune out the sounds of Deo and Wisp yelling at each other.

“You’re okay,” Luke whispers, “You’re alright kid. Okay? Nothing’s gonna happen to you here.”

Tommy responds with a shaking sob and Luke hugs him a little bit tighter. “What if— what if they get sick of me?” Tommy says between sobs, “I like it here. I like it here so much!”

“I know kid, I know,” Luke says, “We all like you here too.”

“WHY DO YOU THINK I TOOK HIM IN?” Wisp yells, “HIS POWERS ARE USEFUL!”

Luke’s grip on Tommy slacks slightly.

His mouth falls open.

And Tommy knows angry, he knows how to deal with when people are angry. It’s almost interlaced with his bones and reactions. Sometimes their face will go blank, sometimes they’ll breathe heavier, sometimes they’ll scowl and scream at him—

His parents would do that.

Not these guys.

Still that does not stop Tommy's stomach from dropping as he watches Luke's face contort in anger. He yelps and shuffles back as quickly as he can. He smacks his head against the back of the wall and does not say a thing.

He stares at Luke with wide eyes, and Luke shuffles back slightly, both hands up where Tommy can see them. His eyes dart from hand to hand as Luke moves back even more, so there's more distance.

Okay that's good.

If Luke wants to try and hurt him Tommy has some warning, some gap.

"Don't hit me," Tommy squeaks out.

"I'm not going to," Luke shuffles back a little bit more, and his eyes are so earnest that it almost hurts. Tommy knows that he's not going to— he never would, Luke's kind and patient with Tommy. But his heart is still thumping in his throat and he can't focus on anything apart from Luke's hands.

Luke keeps a gun on him—

Oh Prime.

"Please don't hurt me—" Tommy manages, "Please, I'm sorry—"

“I’m not going to hurt you, Tommy,” Luke says gently. “I’m going to get all of my weapons off of me. I have a knife, my gun and a dagger in my boot. I’ll have to move my hands for that. Is that alright?”

Tommy nods wordlessly.

Luke reaches for the holster, which he just takes off completely and throws it into the corner of the room. Tommy watches his hands as he pulls a dagger out from his boot, then the knife that he keeps strapped to his leg.

“I don’t have any weapons,” Luke says slowly. “And I’m not angry at you. And I’m not going to hurt you. Okay?”

Tommy nods.

“What I am going to do, is go out and yell at both Deo and Wisp to stop that. Okay? No one is going to hurt each other, and I’m only going to yell so they can hear me over them. Alright?”

“Alright,” Tommy whispers.

Luke goes to get up and Tommy flinches away slightly.

Luke pauses as if he’s been frozen, and move slower towards the door.

“My parents said that—” Tommy eventually manages, “That my powers would be useful...”

Luke’s mouth presses into a thin line and he takes a deep breath. He opens the door and closes it with a gentle click.

Tommy holds his hands to his ears like that's enough to tune it out. It's really not—

So he starts humming, just a quiet song under his breath that he's basically forgotten the words to. It goes... something something, *dadada*, something, something, *dadaadada*. Something—

He hums and tries to ignore it.

He can make out bits of the argument “weapon”, “Tommy”, “parents” but nothing out. Or... maybe he can but he's in denial about the fact that he can hear any of these things.

Everything's okay. It's okay. No one's going to hurt anyone else, they are *fine*, great even, if someone wants to go that far.

They're arguing because of him—

“Tommy?”

Tommy blinks and looks up at the voice. It's Wilbur, standing in front of him with a confused expression on his face.

“You alright?”

“Yeah,” Tommy looks back at the map on the desk. “What were you talking about, sorry?”

“Pandora’s?” Techno adds, ever-so helpfully. “‘bout the sorta people they put in there. Gang leaders and—”

Oh. Yeah...

Luke’s in Pandora’s.

Tommy nods and looks back down.

Chapter End Notes

also yes. the part one bit means there will be a follow up about the *argument that ended it all*

keep note of what side of the argument everyone is on. Wisp vs. Everyone Else.
This will change!

Early Vigilante Days

Chapter Notes

I was minding my own business. Like a good lil' tinaaos author. Then I see this lovely [art](#) by Rozy

And then starts the brainrot.

Like... Tommy still panics to a certain degree when he's injured, and he's way better at handling himself as a vigilante and now has several people who will look out for him when he's injured.

When he first went out as Theseus he did not.

I imagine this to take place after his second or third patrol.

Warnings: blood, injury, descriptions of said injury, medical talk, REALLY SHITTY MEDICAL ADVICE. THIS WAS WRITTEN OFF OF WHAT I WOULD DO IN THIS SITUATION NOT ANY SORT OF RESEARCH. DO NOT FOLLOW THE MEDICAL ADVICE THAT TOMMY GIVES HIMSELF. IT IS SHITTY MEDICAL ADVICE.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy hisses, dragging himself through the window and basically falling onto the ground. He groans at the pain that shoots through his back, and continues holding his leg as he bleeds onto the tile.

Ah, he's gonna have to clean this up.

For a moment he moves so he's sitting against the wall, clutching his leg with both hands as blood covers his hand and tiled floor. He needs to move to the bathroom so he doesn't have to get the blood stains out of the carpet.

"Fuck," is what Tommy manages to whisper to himself.

With great difficulty he starts sliding across the carpeted section of the room.

It really fucking hurts— and at this point he doesn't care about the blood everywhere, spilling everywhere and fucking ruining his life. This is not something that he needs today, or any day if he's being completely honest.

There's a trail of blood across the carpet, and Tommy finds himself not giving a single shit.

Thankfully the bathroom door is there, and he gets into the bathroom, before slamming the door shut. It shakes the entire house and seems to reverberate in Tommy's bones as he stays still.

Okay. He can manage this. It's his leg, he just needs to stop the bleeding. Just— stop the bleeding and he'll be fine. He'll be okay, he knows what he has to do, and that includes not being fucking hurt.

He takes his hands off his leg, and for the first time since it first happened he actually looks at the cut on his leg. He's not any sort of doctor, and he really wished that Deo was here for this.

Or Wisp, Wisp was always good with any injuries they got.

He misses them—

Tommy grits his teeth and manages to knock the first aid kit off the sink, where it hits the floor and several things go flying out and everywhere.

He looks back at the injury, it looks deep.

It looks like it might need stitches— Tommy doesn't know how to do stitches, he's only just learnt how to apply gauze correctly, there's no way in fuck he can give himself stitches. Or

call an ambulance... he just doesn't have that sort of money.

"Fuck," Tommy says again.

He needs to stop panicking— his heart needs to calm down, he's on a bit of a time frame if he's being completely honest. He doesn't *think* it got an artery, what the fuck did Wisp say about arteries? That blood would be spurting everywhere?

Okay. Probably hasn't hit an artery, that's nice to know.

Tommy sighs, and grits his teeth yet again. He might break through his teeth if he isn't careful.

The cut on his leg goes from about his mid-thigh to the top of his knee. It looks pretty deep, he knows that— and that might be muscle he's able to see. He's still not actually sure— but he is sure that stitches might be what he needs.

He can do a running stitch—

That's not how you're supposed to do medical stitches, he's pretty sure medical stitches are supposed to be separate and Tommy just doesn't know how the fuck to do that— how the fuck is he going to do that?

Surely a running stitch would do, better than nothing?

But what if that fucks it up?

Fuck, fuck. *Fuuuck*. Fuckity, fuck, fuck, fuck, now what's he supposed to do? Panic? Because that's what he's doing with a pretty high success rate!

He doesn't have any gauze big enough to fit over the wound, that means it needs stitches right? Does he need stitches? This would be something amazing to know.

Okay.

Stop panicking.

He needs to stop panicking and think clearly.

Stop the blood.

Okay? Now how does one do that exactly?

Stitches or pressure. One or the other, he's just... not sure which one. Can you do both? Can Tommy wrap a towel around his leg to the point it almost hurts and then do stitches if he thinks it needs them?

No clue. But he's doing it anyway.

His hands are shaking— so much. He reaches for a towel and pulls it off the towel rack. Then he folds it a couple of times so it's like a really long and skinny bandage, before wrapping it around his leg.

He manages that a couple of times.

His hands are shaking in what must be a concerning amount, there's still blood everywhere. On the ground, on the towel, probably in his hair somehow.

Fuck. He misses Deo and Wisp— and Bitzel and Luke and— everyone. He misses all of them. Deo would've kept him calm with comforting words and promises he wouldn't break, Wisp would fix this the fuck up, probably without many words, but he'd still fix it nonetheless.

Bitzel and Luke— would probably make sure he didn't move for several days afterwards. They'd plonk him on a couch and let him watch children's cartoons for a while. A couple of days so he didn't tear out his correctly done stitches.

Why'd he decide to become a vigilante?

Who let that happen? What sorta fucking idiot would go 'oh yes, what a great idea'? The idiot is himself and he's regretting it pretty hard at the moment.

He closes his eyes, and leans against the wall.

His leg is stable for now. At least... well he hopes so. He can deal with stitches and cleaning and taking time off work in a moment. Right now, he needs a nap. He needs to get his thoughts together, and he needs to stop missing Business Bay.

First he'll have a nap.

Then... handle everything else.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you Rozy for giving me brainrot.

Thank you Wifi for failing me.

Thank you Twilight, just in general, ik you won't see this.

Uhhhhhh yeah! OH YEAH THANK YOU BUSINESS BAY FOR TRAUMATISING MY BOY.

We'll learn more about that soon o7

cross your heart, won't tell no other

Chapter Notes

HI. THIS IS CANON.

Inspired by '[seven](#)' by Taylor Swift (the queen) herself, I love this song so much... and it works really well for TINA!Eryn & Tommy. So... here, welcome tina!eryn to the cast... I'm debating a seperate spin off for him later, but we don't worry about it.

Warnings: implied/reference child abuse

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was a lazy Sunday afternoon. Tommy is curled against a tree with a book on his lap. The is was beating down on his lap, and it's all quiet, and all nice. Quite enjoyable, actually, if he's being completely honest.

A bird chirps and Tommy can't help but smile.

“Tom! Tom! Tom!”

Tommy looks up from his book. “Eryn! Eryn! Eryn!”

“Hi, hi, hi, hi!” He flops onto the grass.

Tommy grins, before looking back at his book.

“Tom— stop reading your dumb book.”

“It's a good book,” Tommy defends, “It's about superheroes.”

“Who gives a damn about superheroes,” Eryn stretches out the words. “You can always read about superheroes.”

“My house is too loud,” Tommy argues.

“You were sick for... what a month? And now you don’t even wanna hang out.”

Tommy hesitates, “I— yeah... uh, I haven’t been feeling well recently.”

Eryn screws up his nose, “What do ya mean?”

“Feel sick,” Tommy mumbles. “A lot.”

Eryn looks at him for a long moment, there’s something trusting in his eyes that years later he’ll see in Tubbo’s eyes. But right now, it’s the most trust that someone has ever looked at him with.

He tilts his head, searching Tommy’s face for... something. “You should come live with me — we could be pirates! Then your parents wouldn’t be so angry all the time.”

“They’re— not angry all the time.”

Eryn gives the amount of sass that a child can and raises an eyebrow. “Then why do they yell so much?”

“Why are they mean to you?” Eryn asks, “Mummy says that they’re mean to you.”

“They’re not mean to me,” Tommy yells, he slams his book down onto the grass and glares at Eryn. “They’re just looking after me! And I’m difficult to look after.”

Eryn sniffs, rubbing at his eyes. Apparently kids don’t do well with being yelled at. Which... in all honesty makes a lot of sense. He sniffs a bit more dramatically, rubbing at his eyes and scowling at Tommy. “I don’t think you’re d— diff— difficult to look after.”

“Well Ma says I am.”

“Your Ma is wrong, I know she’s wrong. You’re super cool and nice, and you play pirates the best. Everyone else does it wrong.”

“Ma’s smart, she’s not wrong.”

“Your Ma is dumb. She hurts you.”

“She does not hurt me!” Tommy shrieks, he stands up and glares down at Eryn. His hands balled at his sides. “She loves me, she doesn’t hurt me, she just gets mad sometimes and that’s not her fault. Everyone gets mad.”

“My pa— pare—”

“Parents?”

Eryn nods. “Don’t hurt me.”

Tommy doesn’t respond, he looks down at his shoes and picks off a loose bit of fabric. Which means his shoes have even more holes in them.

“Come live with me, we can be like brothers! We’ll have the same parents and live in the same house and I’ll make sure no one will ever hurt you ever again! We’ll be like superheroes!” Eryn grins, widely, doing a cool jump and spinning around.

He lands on the ground and tumbles to the side, hitting the grass with a soft ‘oomf’ and rolling over so he’s facing Tommy. He gives a wide smile with grass stained jeans and a white shirt that his mum will not be happy about.

Eryn grins.

Tommy frowns.

“Tom?”

“Tommy,” Tommy says quietly. “I don’t like... being called Tom.”

“Okay! Tommy,” Eryn continues, like nothing has changed. And at that moment Tommy has never been more grateful for any one person, and he won’t be... for a very long time. “Can we go back to my house? I want my orange slices.”

“You can.” Tommy pulls down the sleeves of his hoodie. He can still feel the fingers pressing into his arms and holding on as tight as possible as Tommy screamed and screamed and screamed.

No one came to rescue him.

He was on his own.

And now his arms hurt, and he feels sick.

Eryn looks at him for a longer moment. “I wanna play pirates,” Eryn says quietly. “Or superheroes, and I wanna do that with you. And this park is dumb and stupid anyway.”

“This park is nice,” Tommy says.

Eryn holds out his hand. “We’re having dino nuggets for dinner.”

“Okay,” Tommy mumbles.

Dinner with Eryn’s family is as amazing as ever. It’s peaceful, and good, Eryn talks the entire time with his mouth full of food and laughing as he does so. Tommy also laugh too, and... it’s nice to be able to laugh.

And not be worried about whether he’s allowed to eat, or how quickly, or whether someone is in a bad mood. Or whether Tommy is eating too much or not enough or if he’s allowed to talk at the table or—

It’s nice.

“Tommy, you should be a superhero with me!” Eryn grins, he does a weird little karate move. He’s been taking lessons, so he’s basically an expert. “I can be like Philza!”

“Spectre’s better!” Tommy argues.

Eryn’s mum laughs softly, “Maybe wait until you’re a bit older sweetie, six is a bit young, even for the heroes.”

“But—”

“No,” she says softly. “Tommy doesn’t even have powers?”

“Y— yeah, no powers.” Tommy says slowly. “I’d be a useless hero.”

“One of the trainees doesn't have powers,” Eryn mutters under his breath, “Tommy. If you want to be a superhero, you can be a superhero! Powers or not, you’re brave and funny and kind, and my best friend.”

Tommy smiles.

“Eryn, sweetie,” his mum says, all smiles and soft tones, because that’s the sort of person she is. “Can you please pick up your lego in your bedroom in case Tommy wants to go up there.”

Eryn nods and launches out of his seat.

Tommy tries to calm down, he grits his teeth and balls his hands into fists. Whatever’s about to happen he can handle it, he’s not going to fight back, not after all Eryn’s parents have done for him.

Least he can do is be quiet as they yell at him.

“Tommy, dear?”

Tommy looks up. Adults like eye-contact.

“Are you alright?”

Tommy nods, ignoring the bruises and the cuts and his splitting headache from getting knocked into the wall yesterday. He ignores all of that and gives a bright smile towards Eryn’s parents. “I’m alright thank you.”

They exchange a nervous glance but don't say anything.

And when Tommy eventually gets dropped off at home, he puts his hands in his pockets to stop anyone else from seeing his shaking hands.

Chapter End Notes

Hope y'all enjoyed. It is currently 3am for me, so excuse me if I'm DUMB

but oh isn't falling exhilarating?

Chapter Summary

tinaaos but apollo actually writes it

Chapter Notes

This poem was penned by Apollo (my beloved child) a couple of months ago along with a couple of other amazing ones I can't publish (YET) because they have MAJOR spoilers about tina!wilbur's past.

THANK YOU APOLLO, THIS IS ALL THEIR WORK, NONE OF THIS IS MINE
GIVE THEM THE CREDIT THEY DESERVE

YOU CAN FIND [APOLLO](#) HERE, READ THEIR STUFF, AND APPRECIATE
THEM CORRECTLY BECAUSE THIS IS ALL THEIR WORK!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Always going,
never ending.

What is she?

Who is she?

Constantly turning,
just keeps
on swirling.

Is she a god?

A force to be
reckoned?

A loop or a circle?

Only she
can tell.

But she never tells her secrets!

She hoards them close so no other soul knows!

But imagine if someone
did know.

Imagine if she left.

....

.....

.....

.....

Like He did?

Precisely.

It would all collapse.

We would fall.

They would too.

but oh isn't falling exhilarating?

Chapter End Notes

... that's not even the saddest one

Read more stuff from [Apollo](#) here, my fucking beloved. Thank you so much for writing this, it fucking slaps, and I'm super excited to release the other three.

AGAIN, ALL APOLLO'S STUFF
PLEASE READ THEIR OTHER FICS
GIVE THEM THE SUPPORT THEY DESERVE

"why do i love people who hurt me?"

Chapter Summary

tubbo and tommy talk about their parents

tommy has some complex feelings about them

Chapter Notes

hi! this is to kinda make up for the lack of an update in a while. it'll come SOONISHHHH i'm sure, just gotta do some finishing bits on the current chapter.

this takes place when they're about 14

warnings: implied/referenced abuse

“Do you love them?” Tubbo asks one day.

It's late, they're both half delirious from sleep, Tubbo's been working on this project for hours and Tommy's been giving him company. Tommy has work tomorrow, he has to go back to the coffee shop that he hates more than almost anything.

“Huh?” Tommy asks.

“Your parents,” Tubbo doesn't take his eyes off the screen. There's something so tired, and so broken in his eyes that it almost hurts. “Do you still love them?”

“I—” Tommy pauses.

Really pauses.

Does he love them?

That's a question that he might need years to answer, but Tubbo's eyes want an answer soon. They want a validation of whatever he's feeling, Tommy's just... not sure what answer Tubbo wants to hear.

Tubbo knows everything, he's the only person who does. A late night and they both talked, about everything, Tommy started talking and didn't stop, and then Tubbo started talking and he didn't stop either.

It's complicated.

Does he love the people who hurt him the most?

He thinks they loved him, once, maybe. Hopefully, they loved him in a way that he doesn't really understand. He hopes they loved him, at least a little, in their weird way.

But that doesn't answer whether he loves them.

They may or may not love him, but he's not sure if he loves them back. Or doesn't love them at all.

They taught him how to love. They taught him how to tie his shoe laces and how to speak and how to love. Can he really not love someone who taught him all those things?

But they hurt him, they hurt him so much. They're still hurting them to this day, whether they know it or not. He hurts every day because of them, it weighs down in his gut and wants to suffocate him.

They hurt him.

They really hurt him.

But... they also taught him what love was.

“I—” Tommy says, “I think so.”

“Oh?” Tubbo says slowly.

“I... they loved me,” Tommy says.

“Did they?”

“I think so,” Tommy whispers.

He thinks so because he doesn't know the other option, he doesn't know what he'll do if his parents didn't love him. They had to have loved him— otherwise, otherwise it doesn't make sense. Why would they be so awful to someone that they didn't want the best for at the end of the day?

Tommy looks at Tubbo. “I think they loved me. I hope they did.”

Tubbo looks a little bit sadder, and he probably disagrees, Tommy doesn't blame Tubbo for that. He just doesn't really get it, his parents did love him, they were just weird about it, and showed it in a pretty shitty way.

With a sigh, Tommy runs a hand down his face. “They did.”

Tubbo doesn't say anything else, he just hugs Tommy. Tommy leans against Tubbo's shoulder, he doesn't cry, it's been years since he's cried over his parents, he's not going to start now.

Neither of them say anything for a long while, Tommy just leans against Tubbo's shoulder and Tubbo hugs him tight.

“I love my parents too,” Tubbo mutters, “They may not have loved me, but I love them.”

Tommy wills himself not to cry, Tubbo appears to be doing the same.

They have each other, and that is more than enough.

goldenboys enjoyers stay winning

Chapter Summary

Then there's a gun pressed to Tommy's forehead. Tommy blinks at it a few times, before looking Purpled in the eyes. "Now this is unjustified, even for you."

Purpled glances over Tommy's shoulder before smiling slightly, "Hey, Tommy?"

"Yeah?"

"Duck." Purpled says.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: guns, violence, passing out

This one takes place when Tommy & Purpled are about 13-14

IN CELEBRATION OF PINK PARROTS WINNING MCC I PROMISED ON TWITTER.COM THAT I'D WRITE THIS. SO BOOM, THIS HAS BEEN WRITTEEDEDE

it's a bit scuffed, but i love it so much!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"We have *got* to stop meeting like this," Tommy says nervously, Purpled doesn't react, he only raises an eyebrow and gives him the worst stink eye that Tommy's ever been given in his life. "What are ya doin' here?"

They're in another bar, neither of them are drinking but they're both standing there anyway. Purpled is scanning around like his life depends on it (it might) and Tommy is paying some attention to Purpled, some attention to the TV that's playing some sorta soccer game.

"Scouting out." Purpled says, shutting that down— ah... ever the conversationalist. "Here for Deo again?"

Tommy opens and closes his mouth, before shaking his head. “No— I— yeah no that uh— yeah, that’s not a thing anymore.”

Purpled doesn’t react much, but turns slightly towards Tommy and his eyes go a bit wider for a fraction of a second. “What did he do?”

“Uh— internal conflict?” Tommy says slowly, like he’s trying to think this through, because he kinda is. “About me... so I was kicked out.”

“Oh that’s rough.”

“Yeah...”

“So... Deo wouldn’t come after me if I shot you?” Purpled says.

“Huh?”

Then there’s a gun pressed to Tommy’s forehead. Tommy blinks at it a few times, before looking Purpled in the eyes. “Now this is unjustified, even for you.”

Purpled glances over Tommy’s shoulder before smiling slightly, “Hey, Tommy?”

“Yeah?”

“Duck.” Purpled says.

And Tommy has no reservations hitting the floor as the gun fires.

He's on the ground, he whirls around looking over his shoulder. There's a group of guys walking towards Purpled and him. Tommy has no context— but sometimes he really wished Purpled didn't need to go in guns ablazing into every single situation.

Tommy sighs slightly, before grabbing one of the stools next to him and stumbling onto his feet. He glances at Purpled.

Purpled looks perfectly calm.

“You missed,” one of them says with the audacity of someone who has never fought Purpled before.

“That was your warning,” Purpled says he raises the gun again and points it at the guy in the middle. “Warning shot two.”

He fires the gun again and one of the people on the far left fall, holding their shin. Ow. Fucking ouch.

And Tommy can not describe the expression on Purpled's face, it's like here is exactly where he's supposed to be, that he's exactly in his element at the moment and he was born for this environment.

Purpled glances at Tommy. “Stay outta my way? Okay?”

“I can help—”

Purpled responds by picking up a chair and hurling it at one of the men. It hits its mark and breaks into pieces, as the man falls to the ground. Purpled whirls around before firing three shots over his shoulder.

Tommy sighs before hauling himself up onto the table and sitting there. He crosses his arms as he watches Purpled throw things and fire his gun.

What Purpled doesn't see is the man creeping up behind him, he grabs Purpled and puts him in a chokehold. Purpled kicks his legs trying to get free, but he's shorter than the man and weaker.

"Do you need a hand?" Tommy calls out.

"Fuck off!" Purpled yells back with what seems like a lot of struggle to get there.

Tommy glances up at the clock that's ticking slowly but surely. "You have sixty seconds before you pass out, let me know when you want a hand."

Purpled kicks his legs more, before managing to kick the guy in the knee. He drops his gun and his hands go up to try and pry the arm away from his neck, it does not appear to be overly effective.

"Fifty-two seconds." Tommy deadpans.

"Fuck off!" Purpled wheezes out, with even more effort than last time.

One of the leader men approaches Purpled, as he's still kicking his legs and trying to pry the other man's arm away. It doesn't work, it appears Purpled has slightly overestimated his abilities.

"Now," the head guy says, "How do we kill this pest?"

"Bullet," Tommy adds and several people look at him. "Don't drag it out, he's like a fucking cockroach. Just bullet, call it a day. Also do not let him get his gun or he'll fucking beat your asses."

“Who are you?” One of them ask.

“Uh—” Tommy shrugs, “Who *am* I? That is the greatest question,” Tommy has some sort of plan here. The plan is to just talk. Then he’ll politely ask the guy to let go of Purpled and then Tommy can step in. “See— depending on who you ask I’m a lot of people, I’m a bit of a dick and if you’re my parents you think I’m a waste of time and space. Am I a waste of time and space? Maybe. I’m yet to figure that out exactly— but I think I can figure it out.”

“Why are you still talking?” Purpled wheezes.

“Forty seconds, shut the fuck up.” Tommy says.

Purpled decides to shut the fuck up and keeps kicking his legs, trying to break free.

“But... do you really think grabbing that guy is gonna do anything?”

“Wait—” Purpled says, apparently the only smart one of the lot.

“Look, you can shoot Tommy if you wanna.” Tommy says, gesturing at Purpled. “But Deo ain’t gonna be happy about it.”

One of them pause. “Wait.”

“Got the wrong guy,” Tommy sighs, “Which is kinda upsetting for you. You managed to get the wrong guy.”

Purpled gets dropped to the ground immediately and Tommy just grins widely, he stands up on the table and whirls around to see everyone he might have to deal with. There are five guys, there are two more on the floor. One is bleeding and the other has a chair smashed next to them.

Right.

Five guys, Tommy can handle this.

Purpled reaches for his gun, and Tommy makes sure all eyes are on him.

“You wanna do this?” Tommy says, “Because I can do this.”

Purpled looks up at him, and nods once.

Tommy sighs.

He flings a chair in the air, before kicking it at someone. It hits them and they fall backwards.

Behind him is the click of a gun, he drops and the gun fires over his head. He whirls around, to see someone pointing a gun at him. Like a dumbass he throws himself at the man, leaping off the table and stepping on one of his shoulders.

They fall to the ground and Tommy lands on his feet.

Purpled's on his feet again and swings at someone, hitting them across the face with his gun in a way that can not be comfortable—

Tommy hears someone running behind him, and launches himself on the table, rolling when he hits the ground and bouncing back onto his feet. He ducks under a flying fist and jumps backwards.

Okay two are down, one from Purpled, one from Tommy.

Purpled looks over his shoulder at Tommy, “You okay?”

“Yeah I’m—”

Purpled lifts up his gun and Tommy ducks, it hits someone behind him who goes down yelling.

Tommy looks at the not so poor soul who just got shot and sighs, ah, in the shoulder— that’s really not the best place to be shot. He looks back at Purpled, there’s two guys fighting him and Purpled does not appear to be coping that well.

Purpled picks up a chair and uses it as a shield against a knife.

Tommy summons the little energy he can. “Throw the chair up!” Tommy yells.

Purpled throws the chair straight up into the air, and Tommy uses his energy to rip it apart into splinters. Purpled covers his face, before looking up at the people staggering back due to the splinters.

He kicks one of them in the chest and they fall, before turning around to the other one and pointing his gun at him. “Stay down,” Purpled says.

This person decides that this is a good idea, and Purpled points the gun at the other person still standing up. “You too.”

Tommy’s head feels surprisingly light, and he sways on his feet slightly. Oh dear— this is not what he wants. He overused his powers... again, and he only did two things with them. He grabs onto one of the tables, willing himself not to pass out.

Purpled grabs Tommy by the arm and drags him out of there.

He... he thinks he passes out.

The next thing he knows he's sitting in the back of some alley far away from where both of them were. Purpled is sitting next to him, he looks at Tommy.

"You alright?" Purpled asks.

"Yeah, yeah." Tommy shakes his head, before he grins widely. "So... we work pretty well together."

Purpled gives him a look. "No. We do not. Fuck off."

"We do," Tommy draws out the phrase, "You threw up the chair, I exploded it."

"I pointed a gun at you."

"I ducked it," Tommy grins, "We make a good team."

Purpled rolls his eyes, standing up. "Are you gonna pass out?"

Tommy shakes his head.

"Well then," Purpled nods his head, if he had a hat Tommy feels like he'd tip his hat. "See ya next time Tommy."

Purpled turns around and walks away, he pauses for a moment before looking back over his shoulder. "Let me know if you ever need someone else to go into a fight with you."

And that is the closest to an agreement that they make a good team that Tommy will get.

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the tinaaos content drought, but i am working on other things and like 20 assignments all at once, thank you for being here though. i will see you when i see you
<333

***wilbur in a therapist's office! how did he get here?**

Chapter Summary

Wilbur in a therapists office! How did he get here!

techno and tommy and purpled set up a wild goose chase to get wilbur to finally go to therapy YOU HEARD ME BOYS I AM GETTING WILBUR INTO A THERPISTS OFFICE

NOT WRITTEN BY ME (ELLA)

Chapter Notes

HI GUYS, IT'S BEEN A WHILE AND THIS CHAPTER WASN'T EVEN WRITTEN BY ME

MADIE WROTE THIS AMAZING PIECE OF *LITERATURE*

HUGE SHOUT OUT TO MADIE FOR WRITING THIS FOLLOW HER ON ALL THE THINGS AND SUPPORT HER BE

[Madie's Twitter](#)

[Madie's AO3](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur had been valiantly watching Theseus' tweet to try to catch him. He knew that some times Theseus used the hero's Wi-Fi by sitting on their roof, but he had yet to catch him in the act. That was until now.

Wilbur got the notification that Theseus had tweeted and bolted to the roof, hoping to catch Theseus in the act finally. Wilbur could not keep letting this vigilante steal their Wi-Fi any longer. He must bring justice to this city!

Now, Wilbur did not find *Theseus* but he did find a note that must have been left behind for him! Wilbur picked up the note and unfolded it to find that it said, *“Hello Spectre, head to the roof that you so kindly kicked me off of to find me - Theseus.”*

Wilbur wasted no time as soon as he read the note he bolted back down the stairs to throw on his costume.

“Woah, mate where are you off to?” Phil asks Wilbur as he sprints through their floor.

“I have a vigilante to catch Phil!”

Phil does not seem to know how to respond to this, but Wilbur does not care; he has to act fast if he wants to capture Theseus. After throwing on his goggles and costume, he took off to the famed roof, excited to finally catch Theseus and bring him in.

Now, any sane person would realize that this is crazy, but Wilbur is not sane.

He bolts across the city in record time, hopping onto the roof and scanning the area for Theseus. He feels a flash of disappointment before spotting another note on the roof. He walks over to it and bends down to pick it up.

“Too slow, I’m now heading towards the town square. Better luck next time! -Theseus”

Wilbur folds up the note, shoving it into his pocket and does not waste any time dwelling on this roof before taking off once again. He is determined to finally capture the vigilante that has been eluding him for months now.

This time, he sees Theseus, exactly where he said he would be and Wilbur lights up. This is his moment.

“Hello Theseus,” Wilbur says with a smile flashing onto his face as he gets close enough for Theseus to hear him.

Theseus turns towards Wilbur, but does not appear to be in the mood to chat, simply checking his watch before taking off away from him. Wilbur is not shocked by this, but he does wish that Theseus would just give up and turn himself in. That would make Wilbur’s life way easier, but Theseus never wants to do things the easy way.

“Theseus let’s just do this the easy way,” Wilbur yells at the vigilante as they run through the city. Theseus simply flips Wilbur off before continuing to make his way onto a building, presumably to jump across the rooftops.

Wilbur ends up being quiet after that, figuring it would be better to save his energy on chasing the vigilante rather than speaking to him. They continue to run and jump across the city and Theseus just is not giving up.

Wilbur wonders how Theseus has so much stamina, then again maybe Wilbur just needs to workout more.

Wilbur really regrets not taking Techno up on his offers to train because Wilbur is dying trying to continue chasing this vigilante and he really hopes Theseus stops soon and just decides to fight Wilbur. Now, Wilbur is not the best at hand to hand either but anything is better than continuing to run.

Wilbur thinks that after he captures Theseus he is never going to run ever again. Okay. Well, that is a lie, but he can dream of never having to run again.

Maybe his prayers have been answered because Theseus stops on top of a building, briefly checking his watch again before turning towards Wilbur. Wilbur thinks this must be his chance before Theseus signs to Wilbur.

“You are such an idiot.”

Wilbur is utterly flabbergasted at this, he cannot believe that he is being called an idiot right now. He has not even done anything yet!

Theseus then promptly throws himself off the building, catching himself with his powers at the bottom and then looking at Wilbur expectantly.

Wilbur decides to get off the roof like a normal person and by the time he gets down Theseus has taken off again. They run through the roads for a little bit longer before Theseus turns into a building. Wilbur is confused by this, because Theseus has literally just led himself into a dead end but Wilbur gives chase regardless.

When he enters he sees a lobby. There is a nice looking lady behind a counter, but no sign of Theseus. He decides to just ask the receptionist where Theseus went.

“Hello miss, I am sorry to interrupt, but did you see a vigilante run in here?”

The lady simply hands Wilbur another note before going to type on her computer.

“Hello Spectre, I am waiting for you. Go to room 3b on the left and we can chat :D - Theseus”

Wilbur sighs, folding up the note and putting it with the other, before making his way to the room that Theseus had directed him to. He finds it quite easily and rests his hand on the door knob, catching his breath slightly before pushing open the door.

Instead of finding Theseus there, he finds Techno sitting on a couch and some other lady sitting across from him.

“You aren’t Theseus.”

“I am not,” Techno replies simply not leaving any room for argument.

Wilbur decides to enter the room before continuing. “Where is Theseus?”

Techno just sighs, looking at the lady before deciding to ignore Wilbur’s question.

“Wilbur, meet Susan. She is going to be your therapist today.”

Wilbur gasps, looking between Susan and Techno. “Did you set me up???”

Techno just nods before gesturing for Wilbur to sit on the couch. Wilbur does not want to do that. “I don’t even need therapy, this is ridiculous.”

“Wilbur, you need therapy,” Techno sounds like he is really over Wilbur’s denial, but he is perfectly content in denial.

Wilbur stays standing firm, but then Techno gives him a look and Wilbur decides he does not want to know what is on the other side of that look. Wilbur then makes his way to the couch, still pouting, but sitting down which is a start.

Once Wilbur sits down, Techno promptly stands up and turns to the therapist, “Do not let him leave the room before his hour is up. I paid for an hour, he better get an hour.”

Techno then leaves the room and Wilbur sits there dumbfounded.

Wilbur is getting therapy, against his will, and Theseus led him there?

Wilbur decides he will figure that out later, glancing towards the door and then back at Susan. He did not want therapy, but Techno would be mad if he just sat there and said nothing.

“So Susan, I have a lot of trauma,” Wilbur decides this is a good start to any therapy session that he did not sign up for, but he is getting therapy at least? That is what counts... maybe.

Techno leaves Wilbur to his mandatory surprise therapy before going to find Tommy. He gives the boy a high five once he sees him and then offers to go get food while they wait for Wilbur to get done with that.

Techno knew that Wilbur needed this, he is just glad that Wilbur complied so easily.

Chapter End Notes

again, huge thank you to Madie for writing this. She totally did not have to and it made me laugh on what has already been an amazing day. Madie is an amazing friend and person and I encourage you all to check out her writing and Twitter.com (if you have not already) she's very funny AND AN AMAZING WRITER LIKE WTF

Again, here are her various socials!

[Twitter](#)
[AO3](#)

The Misadventures of Wilbur Soot and Food Eating Calamities

Chapter Summary

Phil is aware that Wilbur is an odd kid, as one would be when they— well have no memories and are little.

But Wilbur is a very odd child.

or, phil realises just how weird his kid is through the way he eats his food.
spoiler alert: he's the only person who can eat a hashbrown wrong.

Chapter Notes

HI GUYS WELCOME TO MY SAND DUO FLUFF BECAUSE MY DISCORD SERVER HAD AN IDEA AND I FUCKING RAN WITH IT

so have fun with it! it takes place when wilbur is about 11/12-ish and Phil's looked after him for about a year. He's like 22-ish here (i forgot the actual age) but he's like relatively young, (even if he acts old)

Warnings: this entire chapter is about food, so they talk about it a lot. be careful!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil is aware that Wilbur is an odd kid, as one would be when they— well have no memories and are little.

But Wilbur is a very odd child.

When Phil first takes this kid underneath his wing, he's quiet, he's shy, he's slightly awkward and doesn't know what he's doing. But as both the most taxing and rewarding year of Phil's year passes Wilbur grows into himself, he becomes what Phil would call an actual person rather than a shell of whoever he was before.

Things are going well, Wilbur is about to finally start school. Only for a couple of years—

Wilbur's already agreed to start hero training as soon as he could. Someone came to their house with a clipboard and they separated him and Wilbur.

Phil will probably never forgive them for that.

So, he's aware Wilbur is an odd kid. When he learnt about trains he stared out the window for about two hours, which was confusing but Phil coped with that.

Now, Phil realises just how weird his kid is.

"Wilbur what are you doing?"

He looks up.

He has a straw in his mouth and a cup of one minute noodles on the table. He opens his mouth and the straw drops out. "Uh—" is what he says. "Eating?"

"Noodles with—"

"With a straw."

"That's—" Phil sighs, he is too old for this. He's not even that old yet. "Wil, that's not how you eat them."

Wilbur, to his credit, looks legitimately confused. "Huh?"

"You... you use a fork, or chopsticks. Straws are for drinks."

"I mean..." Wilbur peers into the cup, "Theres a lot of water in there. I cut up the noodles real small, it's basically a drink."

And suddenly Phil has aged about fifty years.

"Wil—"

"Phil."

"Mate. What the fuck?"

Wilbur just smiles.

"Wilbur if you ever eat noodles—"

"Drink."

"What?"

"I'm drinking noodles."

"If you ever use a straw to consume noodles I am taking your Tamagotchi and deleting the progress on your Pokemon game."

Wilbur glares at him.

Phil does not falter.

His kid glares with the same fury he does, it makes him kinda proud, and also kinda terrified if he's being completely honest.

"Okay, kid." Phil says, "No straws. Got it?"

"Fine."

And so that goes rather successfully, Wilbur uses a fork like a normal person and Phil even teaches him how to use chopsticks, which he's not amazing at, but he can do well enough.

Another issue, Phil did not see coming was Wilbur and cereal.

Now, to be fair, Phil can see where the thought process came from. It almost makes sense, he understands this one.

That does not mentally prepare him to see Wilbur sitting on the floor, looking like he's had his heart broken.

There are actual tears on his face.

Next to him is a soggy cardboard box and a bunch of cereal

"Wil?"

"You didn't tell me."

"Pardon?"

"That boxes melt with milk. You didn't tell me."

He stares blankly ahead and is honestly reminding Phil a lot of a teenager who has gotten broken up with. Apart from the fact that he is eleven and also having a crisis over cereal.

"Did you... put milk in the box?"

Wilbur cries out and throws himself onto the floor. Wow, he is really raising a theatre kid. He looks up at Phil. "I have made several mistakes in my life Phil."

"I can see that."

Phil thinks about it for more than one second. "Wait did you take the cereal out of the plastic thing... put it in a box and then pour milk in?"

"Yeah."

"Wil... what the fuck?"

Wilbur shrugs, before crying out again as if he's been stabbed. "Phil I just wanted my cereal, now all we have is your gross cereal."

"We can get more cereal."

"I want it now!"

"I can... go get cereal?" Phil is already reaching for his car keys, because what wouldn't he do for this kid? "It might be a five minute wait."

Wilbur just stares up at the roof. "I hate everything."

"It's just cereal Wil..."

"Cereal I can't eat."

Phil sighs, no one ever prepared him how to actually deal with a child. He is twenty-two and he's raising an eleven-year-old while some of his friends get wasted and make bad decisions.

No, he gets to deal with his son having a tantrum.

He wouldn't change it for anything. But sometimes he wishes he had a choice.

"Right," Phil says, finally kicking his Adult Brain™ kicking in with a vengeance. "What are we gonna do?"

"Be sad."

"Okay..." Phil says, "We need to pick ourselves up and come up with a cereal plan. What are we gonna do, mate?"

Wilbur sits up and sighs. "Okay... cereal. I'm gonna get cereal, and a cinnamon roll."

“Sure mate,” Phil grabs the car keys. “Let’s go grab some cereal.”

“Can we get a McFlurry too?”

Phil smiles, “Sure, we’ll grab a McFlurry.”

On Wilbur's twelfth birthday they go to McDonald's because Phil was working most of the day— (he feels like that was intentional).

Wilbur orders twelve hash browns because he's turning twelve and the clear answer is to eat a bucket tonne of hash browns and Phil respects that.

He also orders three egg McMuffins and two McFlurries, because apparently, Wilbur is going to get the most out of his free reign over the menu today. He asks to order a burger too, but Phil manages to negotiate down to chips.

Phil orders a burger and chips, because of course he does. He's a basic man who just wants to demolish a burger every now and again and this is one of those times.

Eventually Phil picks up their order and puts the bag down on the table.

Wilbur attacks the bag like it's wronged him specifically and grabs all of his hashbrowns and various other foods later.

Phil starts on his burger. "So, how was your day?"

Wilbur nods through a mouthful of McMuffin. "Good," his mouth is still full and he almost spits the entire thing out. "I've decided to start a band."

"Oh?"

"Yup— I now have a guitar, I'm basically a pro."

"I'm pretty sure most bands have electric guitars not acoustic."

Wilbur seems to consider this for only a moment before nodding. "Well... I'll make a new type of band. One where I can use an acoustic guitar."

"Very well, mate."

"Did you know that most of my friends are planning to go to uni? Like— why would you do that? Can I go to uni?"

"Uh— you're a bit young right now. But later you can."

Wilbur nods before stuffing a handful of fries into his mouth. "So—" Wilbur says, "How do elevators work?"

"How do—"

"Yeah! Like is it magic or—"

"I actually dunno," Phil says, "We can find out later."

Content with that knowledge Wilbur turns to his hashbrowns.

He picks one up, before tearing it directly down the middle. So there are two thin hashbrowns.

Phil watches, unable to speak as Wilbur starts eating the bits of potato off the hashbrown.

Wilbur stops his hashbrown eating quest and looks up at Phil. "Is this wrong?"

"Uh— not wrong, but I've never seen anyone else eat them that way."

Wilbur glances around them, "Well— Wilbur says slowly. "Uh— yeah."

"You can eat them how you want mate."

"I know."

"You look like you're about to start crying."

"Shut up." Wilbur says and it looks like he's gonna cry even more.

"Well, if you take just bites into hashbrowns you can eat them quicker."

Something lightens up in Wilbur's eyes and he nods. He grins. "If I eat all of these in five minutes I can get more."

"Sure." Phil says with a smile.

He is fully aware that Wilbur will not be able to stomach those hashbrowns that quickly. That's more than one hashbrown every thirty seconds.

Maybe.

Phil's never been great at maths.

Yeah... that about sums that up. He went back to University and for what, to be really shit at maths?

Overall, Phil would say it's a rather successful birthday. Between the guitar and the hashbrowns and the fact they're going to go home and probably watch Shrek for what must be about the millionth time.

It's a good birthday.

Phil's glad that this kid came barrelling into his life. Even if he eats hashbrowns like an absolute menace to society.

Wilbur forgets the concept of... bits of fruit you're not supposed to eat. Like the seed in a cherry, or the apple core, or the green bit on watermelon.

You can eat all of those, but it's not like Wilbur even enjoys it.

It is funny to watch however.

Normally when Wilbur goes mind-blank and he's eating fruit he'll just stare off into the distance and eat until there is nothing left. This includes absolutely demolishing an apple and a watermelon.

See Phil can live with that, that's like fine. Phil just has to remind him that he doesn't have to eat those bits and then he's more than fine.

What Phil is currently dealing with is Wilbur, the child menace he is, holding about several strawberry ends in his hand.

Phil specifically cut those off—

"What are you doing?"

"Eating?"

Phil just sighs. "You're not supposed to eat the ends of strawberries, kid."

"But why—"

"I— good question."

"They taste good."

"They just do not."

Wilbur frowns. "Well not all of us are basic and old. Try new things, see new things."

"Trust me I've seen a lot of things."

"Have you seen a panda?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever seen a girlfriend?" Wilbur says casually.

Phil just looks at him. "You talk to Sam too much."

Wilbur grins, he's missing some of his teeth and so it should not be as endearing as it is. "Do I? I am just pointing out the obvious. You're a single man, Phil."

Phil sighs. "It is far, far too early for this."

Wilbur shrugs. "Oh, well!" He looks at Phil then at the strawberry ends in his hand. "Anyway I'll be going."

He scampers off.

"Wait, no!" Phil yells after him. "Put the strawberry ends down!"

Wilbur does not.

Well that looks like something he just does now.

It might be better for the environment?

Maybe—

Phil's gonna tell himself that.

Wilbur is a weird kid. This is something that somehow Phil keep forgetting every day. Sometimes it hits him.

Like now.

He's eating pizza backwards. He didn't actually think someone could eat pizza wrong. This one is fine— it doesn't make Phil feel sick or could be potentially dangerous to Wilbur.

But. He's eating the crust first.

"Wilbur."

Wilbur looks up from his spot on the couch, his eyes dart away from the movie and he looks at Phil. "Yeah?"

"Why are you eating it like that?"

Wilbur sits up a bit straight, he opens his mouth and closes it. "Okay— so— basically. You wanna eat the best part of a piece of food last, right?"

"Sure..."

"And the best part of the pizza is the first bite. So I want that last. So the answer is to flip that around."

"Okay..."

Wilbur glances at the pizza again.

"Stop sitting like that you're gonna hurt your back."

"I'm literally not "

"You said that last time—"

"And I was fine—"

"You were not. I found you hobbling around for the heat pack at like three in the morning. And it's on the cameras."

Wilbur glares at him before sitting up a bit straighter.

"Thanks."

Wilbur grabs another pizza slice before twisting it around and taking a bite out of the crust.

He makes eye contact with Phil as he does so.

Phil just sighs. "Wil—"

Wilbur takes another bite out of the crust. "Does this bother you, Philza?"

"Not really."

"You're lying."

"I'm not." Phil lies.

Wilbur raises an eyebrow. Before he goes back to watching the TV and lives his best life eating the pizza very wrong.

Phil reaches for another slice.

He manages to smile.

He's glad that Wilbur fell into his life. Even if he eats food wrong and he cries over cereal and he's a spiteful little fuck.

Wilbur's his kid.

Phil almost opens his mouth to say things that he's not supposed to be saying. Asking to adopt Wilbur rather than just being his 'guardian' asking if Wilbur would want that— to be his son in any official capacity.

Not tonight.

Wilbur glances at Phil, “You alright?”

“Yeah,” Phil laughs, “Just offended about the way you eat pizza.”

“I knew it!” Wilbur yells, “I knew you hated that!”

And Phil laughs.

Chapter End Notes

AND THERE. HAVE UR FLUFF. BOOM <3

see y'all... soon probably i really like writing these oneshots

The Short Story of How Wilbur Got Adopted

Chapter Notes

hi guys! have some more tina!wilbur & phil fluff because i really caught the brainrot!

Warnings: there's like a minorrrr minorrr blood mention and there's some food mentions

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was a normal day when Wilbur's world got basically thrown upside down. It started as most normal days do, with Wilbur running around trying to get ready for school and Phil just looking fond and also very tired as he helped pack up books.

"How did you even lose your history textbook?" Phil yelled over Wilbur dumping their entire bookcase on the ground. "You didn't even have history homework!"

"Well I wanted to read about it!" Wilbur yelled back.

"What is exciting about the French Revolution?"

"It affected L'Manberg's formation as a country rather than a British colony or something America owns!" Wilbur dumped more books on the ground. "And this is important to know! It is important to know history Philza Craft!"

"My first name isn't even Philza!" Phil called back.

"Fuck you!"

"Don't swear at me you little fucker!"

“Oh you wanna go bitch—”

“Where did you learn that fuckin’ language?”

Wilbur just laughed, throwing his head back, before going to pick up all the books and other knick knacks and shoving them onto the shelf in a bit of a mess if he’s being completely honest—

Phil looked at him as he watched Wilbur put them up on the shelf.

“Wilbur.”

“Yes?”

“It was on the desk.”

“No fucking way,” Wilbur turned around and sure enough Phil was standing by the desk holding his textbook in one hand. He rushed over, snatching the book away and holding it to his chest. “Thank you, Phil!”

Phil sighed, rolling his eyes slightly, there was more fondness than anything else in his actions and that managed to make Wilbur smile.

He ran back over to his toast, before sitting down and opening the book. He took a bite of his toast while his eyes scanned over the words. He’d already read this book three times, but he thought if he knew the entire contents of the textbook off by heart before school even started then he wouldn’t have to try in that subject.

The history of L’Manberg was actually interesting, so he was pretty glad to be doing that.

Phil sat down across from him, grabbing his coffee and the newspaper like the old man he was, and grabbing a pencil because *'you can't just do a crossword in pen, Wilbur.'* Which seemed to be fair enough advice because Phil was good at crosswords.

Wilbur hummed, before glancing up from his book. "Phil!"

"Yes?" He actually looked up from his crossword, always giving Wilbur attention— it was honestly odd for Wilbur to have anyone's undivided attention. Let alone the attention of someone he cares about so much.

"Okay, okay, okay," Wilbur pointed down to his textbook. "So L'Manberg was an important sea port for the British forces and then Americans took it over and then L'Manberg rebelled against America in a war, it was messy and like a couple thousand died— so they were independent and developed differently but English and American motherfuckers kept showing up."

"Why?"

"Everyone wanted a kid with powers," Wilbur paused for a moment, for some reason his head felt lighter and he didn't feel amazing about it. He took a deep breath. "And so basically they'd come here, hopefully acquire a child and that's why our accents are a mix of American and British depending on where you are. And the official accent is well... an atrocious mess of the both of them."

Phil nodded, "So why is it regional as well?"

Wilbur hummed, "I think more British people with one sorta accent settled one place, and that just carried on to today— it's interesting though, that's for sure. So industry settled away from the posher areas and working class people had no choice but to move out there, so that's why Logstedchire is such a big industry district."

Phil looked actually intrigued; he nodded his head and went back to looking at his newspaper and Wilbur went back to looking at his book. He half shoved the toast into his mouth, and half read, overall it was a good time.

They both sit in a comfortable sort of silence, Wilbur's could never pinpoint the moment their silence went from awkward to comfortable but it did, and now they are sitting across from the table from each other. Phil was drinking more coffee than Wilbur thought was physically possible, and Wilbur wanted more toast.

He stood up grabbing the bread and throwing it in the toaster.

Literally throwing it— Phil hated when he did that.

“Wil,” Phil said, “Why are you throwing bread into the toaster again?”

Wilbur looked over his shoulder and grinned at Phil. “You have no proof.”

“I just— saw you.”

“Can you prove it?”

“A lack of proof is not proof.”

“That helps my cause rather than yours.”

“It does not.”

Wilbur shrugged then turned back around busying himself with nothing in particular but he hid his smile by grinning at the wall instead.

Eventually after Wilbur hid his snickering, his toast popped up and Wilbur grabbed that. He took it out of the toaster, and buttered it, and Phil would judge him every time for only having butter on his toast but it was good and Phil was just wrong.

At least he didn't eat cold toast anymore, Phil had been right about one thing and that was that warm toast is much better than cold toast.

Wilbur turned around, and started walking back to his seat.

"Can I adopt you?" Phil said.

Wilbur in all honesty dropped the plate, he stared as it shattered at his feet. He looked at Phil with wide eyes.

It felt like the world stopped and they stopped with it.

"Huh?" Wilbur whispered.

"If— if you want," Phil continued like the problem was Wilbur's willingness, "Of course you don't have to, you never have to do anything you don't want to. But— if you wanted, would it be okay if I adopted you? I want to adopt you—"

"I— I didn't do anything?" Wilbur said slowly. "Why do you— why?"

"Because you're you," Phil said it like it was the simplest thing in the world and Wilbur wanted to believe him. "You're you and I think you're my son in every way that counts, and — I think you'd like to be adopted."

"I—" Wilbur stared at the plate on the floor.

That was something he could focus on, he crouched down and started to try to pick up the plate. He did it with surprising success and put it on the table, there were small nicks across his palms and fingers but Wilbur managed to ignore it.

Phil just looked at him, there was nothing judging, nothing pushing in his eyes.

Wilbur knew that Phil liked him, Wilbur had stayed around for this long at least. He knew that Phil used to not be the biggest fan of his... general existence but after a vaguely traumatising incident in Paris Wilbur figured out that he did care.

He did care, Wilbur knew that. He knew that Phil loved him, he thought of Phil as a father—or whatever a father was in his head.

But Phil... wanted this. He brought it up, he wanted it to be permanent. He wanted Wilbur to be his son.

Wilbur wanted to be his son— whatever that meant, he didn't know. But he wanted it.

Wilbur stared at Phil, he opened his mouth and closed it again. Before he nodded, "Yeah," Wilbur whispered and hated the way his voice failed him halfway through. "Please. I want to be adopted by you."

Phil managed a smile, it was so bright that Wilbur thought it might break his face in half. "Are you sure?"

"I—" Wilbur took a deep breath, "I'm not sure about a lot, but I think this might be the only thing I've ever been sure of. Completely sure."

Phil smiled even brighter, "Okay, kid."

Wilbur's smile brightened a little bit more, "Hey, Phil."

"Hey, Wil."

"Can I have today off school?"

Wilbur in real-time was the debate between the two sides of Phil's brain, the one that had actual thoughts and the one that wanted to spend the entire day with Wilbur. He watched as his responsible side lost the battle.

"Yeah," Phil said, "It's a special occasion."

That made Wilbur grin widely. "You're the best."

Phil rolled his eyes. "Okay *son*."

"Okay, *Dad*." Wilbur returned.

The teasing tone was not lost on either of them, yet both of them were grinning so widely that Wilbur's face hurt thinking about it.

And if the day was filled with laughter and popcorn and trashy movies and hiding under Phil's wings and Phil making several nests that '*weren't nests!*' As Phil insisted over and over again, Wilbur would just laugh.

The memories of that day would end up on the wall of Phil's house, and later Wilbur's apartment. The photos of Wilbur eating an entire jumbo pack of chips in about five minutes, Phil frowning at the camera as he sat in his nest that '*wasn't a nest Wilbur!*'

He was glad that Phil found him, or was forced to find him when he was ten and sitting in a police station as it rained.

And he knew Phil was glad that he found him too.

And one day, a few months into the future when Phil could proudly announce that Wilbur was his son, then that made all of it worth it.

Chapter End Notes

HOPE Y'ALL ENJOYED, i wanted to write more but it was also nice to leave it here so I can go back to here. I might write other 'non canon' adoption scenarios, but this is basically how it happened in canon. Wilbur was being a little silly, goofy guy and Phil could physically not restrain himself from saying how badly he wanted to adopt Wilbur!

It's very domestic!

goldenboys >>> my literal academic career

Chapter Notes

i have several important essays & assignments dues

but goldenboys

basically it's purpled being soft and tommy doing some implied trauma talking that isn't on screen because THAT'S A SPOILERRRRRRRRRR

warnings: implied/referenced child abuse, panic attacks

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Purpled has never been super amazing at this whole sleeping thing, it's a habit that he's not exactly proud of but sleep never appears to happen easily for him.

There's always something. A tap that's too loud, a truck speeding past the window, a tree hitting the wall.

He doesn't sleep very well—

The new problem, since moving in with Tommy is that Tommy sleep talks. Now normally this would be fine, Purpled can record him talking about something dumb and then make fun of him later.

But... that's really not the case here.

Tommy doesn't talk about dogs or sunflowers or anything vaguely wholesome while he's supposed to be sleeping. Instead what he actually talks about is things Purpled will go to his grave with.

He talks about his mum and dad and Deo and he thrashes around and bangs on walls and fights like it's his last.

It is genuinely terrifying.

There's something about even Tommy's subconscious not letting him rest and the cruelty that comes with all of that. There's something about the way that he never cries and wakes himself up, sometimes he shoots up and Purpled pretends to be sleeping because he doesn't know how he's supposed to have this conversation without crying.

It's one of those nights.

Where Purpled is laying in bed staring at the ceiling and Tommy thinks he's getting rest for once but he'll wake up tired.

"I didn't do anything," Tommy mumbles and swipes his hands around all over the shop. "Stop it— didn't do anything."

Purpled doesn't cry easily, it's kinda his entire brand and he's built about 90% of his personality on it. But there's something about hearing his best friend so distressed that gets him every time.

Because it's Tommy— and Tommy is the strongest person he knows and he deserves so much more than being plagued by night terrors and whatever the fuck this is.

It's four in the morning and Purpled has barely slept and now he has to listen to another one of these.

One day he will wake Tommy up—

But Purpled's a coward and also doesn't know how to have this conversation again. He doesn't know how to express how worried he is in words that Tommy won't take as a lie, or pity or something else because the day Tommy accepts help is the day he dies.

"Please shut up." Purpled mutters, that is both futile and pointless but it's worth a shot because he doesn't know what else to do. "Just sleep for once."

A few moments of silence that Purpled appreciates, but he has a feeling Tommy is going to wake up after this.

"Didn't— mean to." Tommy mutters. "I said I'm sorry."

Purpled thinks if he was a normal person he would start crying now. Because Tommy's voice is so small and broken and Purpled hates it so much.

It doesn't sound right, to hear Tommy defeated.

He figured out a long time ago about what Tommy must dream about, he talks about Business Bay, he apologises to Techno, he sometimes yells out Wilbur's name.

Most of the time it's his parents. Most of the time he calls for his mum or yells at his dad to stop hitting him, or apologises for something that Purpled knows isn't his fault and he feels so bad that he never does anything.

—never says anything.

It would be so easy, to reach up and shake Tommy awake. But then Tommy doesn't sleep and he'll feel bad about all the noise and insist he sleeps outside or something.

"Stop, stop, stop, I said— I said I'm sorry."

Purpled puts the pillow over his head and tries to ignore it, really he does. But he never can.

"Tommy," Purpled mutters into his mattress. "Come on, let me sleep I'm begging you—"

"Dad!" And Tommy shoots up awake.

Purpled's not sure how he knows this time is different, he's not sure when he knew Tommy better than himself and he's not sure why— apart from a feeling in his gut— he gets out of bed and looks at Tommy.

His eyes are red and his hands are shaking.

And when Purpled sits himself on the bed Tommy isn't seeing him, his eyes are staring into a place where he isn't right now.

"Tommy—" Purpled says because he's a bit lost at what to do. "Tommy?"

Tubbo would know what to do—

And Purpled actually debates it, despite a deep seated anger at Tubbo and despite how much he wants to scream at him. He almost swallows his pride to burst into that room.

But Tubbo has gotten mean, and Purpled doesn't know if he would actually help and Tommy needs someone right now.

He needs someone who he doesn't have to debate his friendship with— and that's Purpled not Tubbo anymore.

What did Punz used to do—

Purpled grabs Tommy by the wrist, not tightly but he squeezes a little bit, enough that there's pressure. "Hey Tommy," he says quietly. "I'm here— I know I wasn't for a while but I'm here now."

Tommy doesn't move, doesn't react.

"Well," Purpled says. "Your name is Thomas Underscore but I think you should change it to Greyson so we can be like real brothers and no one would question it. You're the youngest and I will bully you about it until the day I die."

He changes his grip on Tommy's wrist and sighs. He doesn't know what to do— he never knows what to do— who the fuck is he to be doing this—

"I met you because my job was to take down a vigilante before he became a threat and I'm glad it's the only job I've ever failed."

He's still not responding— he's supposed to be responding by now, surely.

"I don't know when your birthday is because you never tell anyone but I feel like it's soon because you have to be seventeen soon enough."

Purpled opens Tommy's hand and starts poking it, not hard, just enough that he can focus on it if he needs to.

"Secretly I've been planning to move out with you because Wilbur told me about Tubbo and I promised I'd protect you when he can't and when you can't and this feels like one of these situations. I saw this nice new apartment block, a bit closer to the end of Logstedchire and more into Kinoko but it's pretty and we can afford it quite easily and won't have to worry about the door not opening."

His eyes aren't red anymore.

Purpled likes to think that means he's doing something right.

"Okay," he says gently. "That apartment I was looking at has the subway just in front of it. It's that block they've been working on forever. And they almost got it finished— I was looking into it and I think Tubbo and Ranboo could go back to Schlatt if they wanted because they're kinda being dicks to you and I don't really wanna deal with that. You deserve better."

Purpled moves onto Tommy's other hand, just drawing patterns, absent minded things on the edges of his fingertips and on his palms. None of them really mean a lot, they're just something else to focus on apart from whatever's going on in Tommy's head that Purpled can't save him from.

"You've never liked bars," Purpled says quietly, like it's a secret he's been holding onto. It's not but it feels like it. "I remember— I saw you waiting in one once, I forgot why and you just... looked so nervous about the entire thing. You were scanning everyone and I didn't get it—"

He pushes down on Tommy's hand.

"I think I've gotten it for a while..." Purpled says quietly, "I think I get you better than you like... I think the same about you, it's kinda scary sometimes— to know that there's someone who knows you just as well as yourself."

He looks at Tommy, his eyes aren't red, but his hands are still shaking and Purpled doesn't know what to do—

"It's okay though," Purpled whispers, something careful in his voice. "I care about you. A lot, more than you'll ever know I reckon. And— when you have bad days I'm gonna be here, and when I have bad days you'll be there."

Tommy blinks slightly, it's not like he hasn't blinked this entire time, but there's something different about it.

Purpled attempts to draw a flower with his finger on Tommy's forearm, it probably doesn't go amazingly but it's more about the movement than anything else.

Tommy looks down at his arm, then up at Purpled.

Purpled wants to sob with relief.

"I—" Tommy's hands are still shaking, "I— I— I'm dangerous."

Purpled shakes his head, and he's never been more sure of anything in his life. "You're not," he promises, "You're not."

"I— am," Tommy spits out, "I'm dangerous and I'm—"

"My best friend," Purpled whispers, "And I don't think anything else matters right now. You're my best friend and I know you. You don't like to acknowledge that because you're a little bitch," Tommy manages a small smile. "But I know you, and I know you're not dangerous."

"I feel dangerous."

"You're not," Purpled traces the line on Tommy's arm. "I think the only time you are dangerous is when you think you are. When you let yourself be dangerous— you're only a kid. You dunno what you're doin', I dunno what you're doing. You're not dangerous, you're just Tommy."

"Those words feel like they mean the same thing. I've hurt as long as I've lived."

“You’ve loved as long as you’ve lived,” Purpled doesn’t know where this gentleness has come from. Maybe it was the conversation with Wilbur— maybe it was the way that Purpled watched everyone who loved Tommy speak to him with fondness.

But Tommy is so loved and Purpled knows that.

Tommy doesn’t.

And one day he hopes Tommy can learn this, but now is not the time or place and Purpled runs out of words to say.

Tommy just stares at him, mouth slightly ajar. “Huh?”

“You’re cared about nitwit,” Purpled says with a laugh, “More than you understand. You’re just a teenager. You’re not dangerous.”

Tommy takes a deep breath, “Purps?”

“Yeah…”

He tugs his legs to his chest, then throws his arms around them to keep them there. He sets his chin on his knee and stares at Purpled.

“I haven’t told you what happened to my parents, have I?”

“You said they died when you were young.”

Tommy nods, managing a small smile. “And you know about Business Bay?”

“Sometimes I feel like I’m the only one who does.”

“Tubbo knows...” Tommy adds absent mindedly before shaking his head like there’s a fly in his brain—the fly sized shape that has become Tubbo Underscore in these past few weeks.

“But... my parents.”

“Your parents,” Purpled repeats slowly.

Tommy takes a deep breath and looks at Purpled. “It’s a pretty sad story.”

“I’d be assuming that,” Purpled mutters.

“Only two other people know this— not including me,” Tommy manages a small chuckle, it’s not that funny but Purpled gives a small smile, for Tommy’s sake mostly. “You’re a good friend.”

“I know,” Purpled does not need the shit-eating grin he has, but he has it anyway and Tommy rolls his eyes at him. “The best honestly. I should be taking payment for this—” he deadpans. “I want all your money Tommy.”

Tommy takes a deep breath.

“Okay... I’m ready to tell you if you want.”

“I want my money,” Purpled mutters.

Tommy just gives him a look.

Purpled gives a smile— he wants Tommy to be calmer than he normally is, and Purpled will make a million shitty jokes in order to make Tommy feel just a little bit better. And he realises that yeah...

He glances at Tommy's eyes, and is overwhelmed with the emotion in them. He looks away quickly and at the wall. "If you want to tell me about your parents, tell me what you're comfortable with."

Tommy opens and closes his mouth for a few moments.

Before he starts speaking.

Purpled starts listening, because it's Tommy and it's important to him.

And so they talk, sitting on a single bed which barely fits one of them, the noises of the city eventually lulling them to sleep when the crying has stopped and Tommy isn't shaking anymore.

Chapter End Notes

hi hope u enjoyed. imagine this takes place probably after chapter 34 tbh.

ANYWAY THEM <3333

see y'all tomorrow with the sports day fic that is not done yet!

also btw to anyone who knows anything about tommy's past, he didn't tell purpled everything

*Chapter 34: Deleted Scene

Chapter Notes

this is not canon! just a scene i axed.

i might reuse some dialogue lines so uhhhhhhh POTENTIAL SNEAK PEEKS

Warnings: arguing (also they talk about like... killing people idk how to word it)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“No.” Techno says, “I don’t care what you say to me right now Thomas Underscore. You can start throwing things for all I care, start yelling at me— I don’t care. This is dangerous—you’re making dangerous decisions and I am not watching my little brother go down the path I did.”

“And how are you gonna stop me from being dangerous— being a threat to Wilbur.”

“That’s not what I said.”

“You fucking implied it!” Tommy yells back at him.

“I didn’t mean to then,” Techno replies, easily— and Tommy hates that Techno is calm because Tommy needs to yell and it’s shitty of him to do that when the other person is calm. “You’re not dangerous, never have been, but you’re making some choices and decisions that I think could lead you into something you don’t want to be in.”

“Just tell me,” Tommy says, “I won’t kill the president— what the fuck do you think I’ll do that’s so bad?”

“Honestly?”

“Honestly.”

“I think you’ll kill one of the heroes,” Techno says.

That manages to take away all the air in Tommy’s lungs and he stares at Techno with wide eyes. His voice manages to fail in his throat for a moment and all he can do is shake his head. “I’d never— you know that? You know that right?”

“I know you wouldn’t mean to,” Techno says.

That’s not the same thing.

“Techno— you don’t— you don’t seriously think that. Do you?”

“I—” Techno gives him a long look. “You don’t have the control over your powers, you don’t want to control them sometimes— you like hurting people, you don’t like thinking about it. But you want people to hurt as much as you do.”

Tommy stares at him, mouth open and wide eyes. He tries not to cry and instead ignores the tears that are burning at his eyes.

“Why do you even care,” Tommy snaps, “You killed people when you were my age— younger, I heard them talk about you killing Squid— you fucker, you don’t get to tell me this.”

“Haven’t killed a hero.”

“What does that matter?” Tommy yells.

“Because I’m going to have to be the one who arrests you!” Techno yells and Tommy wishes he didn’t flinch back. “That’s gonna be me— I’m the one who’s most likely to arrest you Tommy, it’s gonna be me— because I’m the only one who knows.”

“You wouldn’t arrest me.”

Techno looks at him for a long moment, “If you killed someone I would.”

“Stop saying I’d kill someone! I don’t want to kill anyone.”

Techno gives him a long look. “Haven’t you already?”

“What the *fuck* does that mean?” Tommy yells.

“You were in Business Bay, weren’t you?” Techno returns sharply. “I don’t think the notorious leader of Business Bay would be keeping you around if you weren’t useful to him in some way.”

And Tommy— Tommy just stares at Techno, mouth wide open.

“You bastard,” Tommy whispers, deadly and he hasn’t used this tone on Techno before— he’s never needed to. He’s never wanted to— “You fucking bastard! You don’t know *shit* about Business Bay and Deo and you don’t know shit about my life— I’ve—” Tommy takes a deep breath. “Maybe I’ve killed someone before, but I was young, I didn’t have a concept of morality or life or death— that isn’t fair you can’t just fuckin’ say that to me.”

Chapter End Notes

bye!

hope u enjoyed

floof is pink and also has a sword (how'd he get that?)

Chapter Notes

floof is pink.

he has sword.

Warnings: floof does attempt to stab people with a sword

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Floof is a weird dog. Wilbur has known this since Techno got him, a year or so back. He used to be a puppy, very small and hyperactive. Since then he has barely grown and not chilled the fuck out because he's still hyperactive.

Techno claims that Floof is a therapy dog, Wilbur doubts this because he's a literal baby of a dog. But it works enough and Techno's allowed to take Floof places so Wilbur doesn't really care.

Him and Floof... have a strained relationship. They both know that Techno likes Floof more and that doesn't stand too well with Wilbur, and Floof appears to know this and to make the most out of it.

So, yes Wilbur would die for Floof without hesitation. But if that dog gets too close into his face he will also pick him up and put him on something high up so that he can have some peace and quiet for once in his life.

That might be part of the reason that Wilbur is so confused...

He's sitting down with Quackity at one of the couches, he's talking about... something that Wilbur has half tuned out if he's being completely honest. He thinks it's about a mission that

Quackity had with Sapnap but he's still not sure because he's just staring out the window and dreaming.

Then the elevator opens.

There stands... Floof Floofikins, in all of his fluffy glory.

Now, Wilbur hasn't checked. But Floof isn't supposed to be pink, and he's also not supposed to be holding Techno's sword in his mouth. And— he's doing both of those things and Wilbur really needs him to not be.

Quackity screams, grabbing Wilbur by the shoulders and using him as a shield.

Wilbur just looks at Floof.

He is bright pink, like that same shade as Techno's hair-dye because they wash it out the first time. It's not his best doggy look, again... he is bright pink and also... bright pink and looks like he has several crimes in his little doggy mind.

"Floof?" Wilbur says, "Why are you pink?"

Floof stares up at him, before doing a very cute head tilt.

But Wilbur must stay strong because he thinks Quackity is genuinely crying behind him and it's a little bit funny because Floof is a tiny, bright pink dog but Wilbur's not a terrible friend and won't be making fun of him.

Floof stares at him.

Wilbur stares back at the small doggy dude looking back at him.

“Floof, who made you pink?”

Floof yaps.

It appears he enjoys being pink.

“You do look rather handsome in pink,” Wilbur steps away from Quackity who makes a noise in the back of his throat. “But I’m worried that whatever made you pink is not dog friendly at all.”

He goes to pick up Floof.

Floof swings the sword at him.

Wilbur yells and jumps back.

“What the fuck, Floof!” Wilbur yells, “We don’t swing swords at people... how are you even holding that up with your mouth I can’t hold Techno’s sword on a good day—”

Floof appears to have understood the concept of the sword, because he turns so the tip of the sword is facing Wilbur and then he walks sideways towards Wilbur.

Now a sword in the ankle— at the hands of a dog is not how Wilbur wanted to spend his Friday night.

So like any sensible man he jumps up onto the couch.

The couch is too high for a little doggo like Floof— hopefully.

Floof looks at him, Wilbur's not sure if dogs can frown or glare but it feels like Floof is doing both currently. Which would be hilarious if he didn't... y'know have a fucking sword that he's trying to stab Wilbur with.

“Henry!” Wilbur yells, “Where is Techno? Why is his dog pink and also trying to stab me?”

“His dog is pink due to a prank being played by Dream,” Henry says politely— he really is a polite AI. “I do not know why Floof is trying to stab you as I know little about dog psychology.”

He looks at Quackity who is hugging his legs to his chest and staring at Floof with wide eyes.

Floof is staring straight at him.

Now Wilbur is... well Wilbur. But seeing the hatred behind those little doggy eyes is for some reason more terrifying than anyone else Wilbur has ever had to fight before— it's fucking concerning is what it is.

“Wilbur—” Quackity says. “He's going to kill us.”

“He weighs like five kilograms at the max. I don't think he has the strength to cut up our ankles and shit.”

Quackity stares at him, and looks genuinely heartbroken. “What's a kilo?”

“It's— a measurement of weight?”

“Like pounds.”

“Like the money?”

“No like the weight measurement.”

“I—” Wilbur shakes his head because turning his focus on the dog keeping them hostage on the couch.

Does Wilbur have any treats he can throw at the dog?

No— shit.

“Henry, get Techno! Please.”

He doesn’t get a response from Henry.

What he does get is about forty-three seconds (Quackity counted out loud). And Techno steps out of the elevator.

“What?” He deadpans.

“Why is Floof pink and also trying to stab me?”

“Why are you going to let yourself be stabbed by a dog the size of your head?”

“He’s bigger than my head!”

“... you *do* have an abnormally large head.” Techno replies casually.

“I do not!”

“It’s amazing because I thought with such a large head there would be a single brain cell in there. But you’re a scientific anomaly— it’s just all air.”

Wilbur looks at his brother.

“You’re a bitch,” Wilbur says.

Techno shrugs, “Get off the couch then.”

Wilbur goes quiet, looking at Floof with the sword. Somehow he’s scarier while being bright pink and looking the most content he’s been in weeks than he was when taking apart a teddy bear with nothing but his little paws and his weirdly sharp teeth.

“Can you collect your dog?”

“I wanna see him with the sword. Get off the couch.”

Wilbur sighs, realising that this is probably going to be the only way for Techno to get the sword off of Floof. He steps off of the couch and Floof seems to be rather amused by this.

He turns so he’s standing almost horizontally and approaching Wilbur sideways. He didn’t even know dogs could walk that way.

Techno looks at Floof... crab walking towards Wilbur, slowly but with *so* much determination on his little doggy face.

And... he laughs so hard he doubles over.

He clutches his stomach and cackles as Floof slowly inches towards Wilbur.

“Oh— my god—” Techno says through legitimate tears streaming down his face from how hard he’s laughing. “He— he—” he laughs a little bit harder. “He’s pink and—” he keeps wheezing. “He’s—”

Wilbur eventually realises Floof is a bit too close and steps a few more steps to the side.

Floof seems to not take this well, because he turns again and shuffles towards Wilbur. Slowly but surely.

This time Techno laughs so hard he falls onto the floor, which is probably terrible for his leg but he doesn’t care right now.

Eventually Wilbur manages to pick Floof up. Who seems rather offended about the entire thing and shakes his head.

The sword goes with it, but Wilbur holds him out. It looks like he’s holding a toddler who shit themselves— but the toddler is a small dog who seems a bit filled of spite and also hate and somehow got a sword.

And... yeah it’s not ideal, having a dog with a sword who has decided to kill everyone. And is also bright pink.

But Techno’s on the floor laughing. So it’s a little worth it.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO CLAY WHO THIS ONESHOT IS FOR!!!!

but just know i love you so much /p and i'm glad that you came into my life because you are genuinely one of the highlights, we don't talk every day but when we do I'm smiling and laughing and just generally being a chill person. so thank you for insisting on reaching out to me when you do because i am terrible at talking to my friends and i'm genuinely so grateful i've met you!

love ya loads /p

Tommy Has a Breakdown then Gaslights People

Chapter Notes

HAPPY BIRTHDAY FIG WOOOO WOOOO WOOOOOOP

I AM SO SORRY THIS IS SO SHORT, I HAD SO MANY MORE IDEAS BUT I HAVE BEEN FUCKING SWAMPED, WHICH YOU KNOW. I WAS GONNA GET YOU SOME BEDROCKBROS ANGST BUT THE BEST I COULD DO WAS FLUFF AND SOME LIGHT VIBES. SUPER SORRY BUT TOMMY HAS PINK HAIR WOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

ps. i imagine this takes place around the 20's chapters, because it sure as FUCK could not be happening rn

Tommy thinks at this point hair-related breakdowns are an entire thing he has. Last time he cut off too much of his hair to the point it looked bad, no one said that though, which was kind of them.

He thinks Purpled snickered once but for Purpled that's tame.

This isn't too dissimilar.

As told by his hair, which is neon fucking pink.

He grips onto the edge of the sink, his hands are also covered in pink dye, and he has the feeling he's made a severe and continuous lapse of judgement. He knows it won't be neon pink when he washes it out.

But it's not a great look at the moment.

The door swings open.

Purpled stands there.

Tommy and him stare at each other for a long moment.

“What?” Purpled says slowly. “Why are you—”

And Tommy needs a lie, he needs an actually good lie, one that he can make up and cover for later. He needs to think about this carefully, actually use the few braincells he has and come up with something clever—

Instead what he says is.

“We have a costume event day—” Tommy blurts out.

Purpled just blinks at him.

“We dress up like people from the tower,” Tommy says slowly, “Well it’s not tomorrow but the next and like uh— yeah and yeah and I didn’t want to look like a neon rat on the day, and it’s Saturday so— I won’t look like a neon rat on Monday.”

Purpled just stares at him, “Since when was it a costume party?”

“I sent out an email,” Tommy lies.

He knows no one checks their email, and even if they did, Tommy would just say he got the address wrong, or they must have deleted it. He’s quite a gaslighting, gatekeeping king.

“The idea,” Tommy continues, “Is that we all dress as people from the tower... and act like them the entire day, I swore I sent out an email.”

“I don’t check my emails.”

“I fucking know,” Tommy mutters under his breath, “That’s fine I have a groupchat with various people, I’ll let them know there.”

Purpled pauses, before he gives a shit-eating grin, leaning against the door and Tommy wants to slap him, right in the fucking nose. Although a punch in the nose would do way more than a slap in the nose.

Tommy sighs, “Now,” he says, “Uh— can you leave, I need to stop looking like a neon rat.”

Purpled rolls his eyes, “Okay *Technoblade*. ”

“Do not start this—”

“You dyed your hair to look like Techno,” Purpled grins, “You’re such a fuckin’ nerd.”

“Your mum is such a nerd—”

“What does that mean?”

Tommy closes the door.

Now.

He has to wash out the hair dye.

Then he needs to convince the hundreds of people who work in the tower that it is a costume day where they can all make fun of each other and not Tommy having a mental breakdown then trying to cover it up.

It's not his first attempt at dying hair, he used to be the poor soul to bleach Tubbo's, which was traumatic for everyone around, and one time they dyed Ranboo's hair fully black for the fun of it. That one actually went well.

He manages to rinse most of it out, then he flicks his head back up, getting water everywhere. The sink is dyed pink by he thinks he knows how to fix that, he looks at himself in the mirror for a second.

He looks tired.

Then he ignores it, because it's a post-mental breakdown hair dye, not an excuse for yet another mental breakdown. He's fine the way it is, with minimal mental breakdowns all around. He glances at himself in the mirror again—

Does he need help—

Nope.

Not going down that path.

No therapy thoughts today, not when he has pink hair and a population to gaslight.

After great effort he manages to get most of the dye off his hands and fumbles for his phone.

The Non-Intern Intern:

Guys. you are aware that Monday is like a costume party
we dress up as each other

Ant-Eater Anti:

????

The Non-Intern Intern:

i sent out an email???

THE BLADE:

none of us check our emails

The Non-Intern Intern:

i hate you all.

And so the real test begins, the one to gaslight the rest of the tower. Which he can do, there's a group chat for all the PR people and he's in one with Quackity and— yeah he can do this.

Gaslight the lot of them.

And that he does.

Sunday is spent gaslighting and then Purpled and Tommy realise that they're going to need people to dress up as, and start digging through their cupboards and various other things they have.

“I could go as Theseus,” Purpled says, “I mean you have a red hoodie.”

“Theseus doesn’t have a red hoodie.”

“It’s about the imitation, I’m not fucking wearing your real Theseus hoodie, I’m not that dumb.”

So they keep looking.

“You know,” Tommy says slowly. “You could go as Floof— and we could dress up Floof to be you. It would be easy. We’d just give him all-black and a tag that says Daniel Greyson and you can carry him around the entire day.”

“How the fuck would I go as Floof?”

A moment of silence and Tommy grins.

“Y’know, Ranboo has a big white fur coat— I think it’s faux fur I’m not sure though— and you just be a shithead the entire time.”

“If someone asks me to bark I will cut their fingers off.”

Tommy grins. “Floof it is.”

Purpled sighs.

The next day Tommy ruffles through his cupboard, trying to find something that Techno would wear. The problem is that— Techno has no style, to be fair neither does Tommy, but Techno wears his own merch, what kinda person does that unironically.

Tommy, much to his disgust doesn't have any, so he settles with the bright red hoodie he has. What he does after that is grab a piece of paper, drawing a crown on it. Then he cuts that out and sticks it onto his own jumper.

It's a solid plan, solid ten.

Purpled walks out of the bathroom glaring, really depicting the Floof energy they all know he contains. It's why they got along so well.

"I am wearing, a fucking white fluffy jacket," Purpled deadpans, "That is way too big for me, in order to look like the most fucking salty dog I've ever met, what has my life come to—"

"It'll piss off Quackity."

A moment of silence, "I love my life," he still deadpans, but there is that look in his eyes, the one that states he'd going to do a lot of crime and also cause problems on purpose about it. "You're Techno, then?"

"Have the bright pink hair," Tommy gestures at his own head, bright pink was a strong word. He'd basically been washing his hair for a day straight, while the dye wasn't out, it wasn't the vibrant pink it was, instead into a more muted, pastel colour.

"If that's bright, get your eyes checked," Purpled deadpans.

Tommy glares at him for a moment, before shaking his head and walking away. He doesn't even have anywhere to walk to, he just wants to be dramatic. Purpled just dramatically sighs back at him.

Theatre kids, the lot of them.

After a lot of arguing they head off to the tower, for once Wilbur is kind enough to pick them up— and it one hundred percent has nothing to do with the fact it's bucketing down and Phil threatened Wilbur.

Tommy gets in the front, because he has a lot of audacity.

Purpled clambers in the back because he's a normal human person.

"Don't put your feet on the dash," Wilbur says before Tommy can even sit down fully, "And I know that's something you tend to do, so don't even try it. Feet on the floor, this car costs more than my life insurance."

"How much is your life insurance?"

"Pretty fuckin' expensive," Wilbur mutters, "It's Phil's car— I think— or maybe— I dunno, it's not in my name— unless it is."

"How many cars do you have?" Purpled deadpans.

"Just one," Wilbur hits the dash, "This one. I call her Sally."

Purpled wheezes in the back.

Tommy grins, before glancing at Wilbur. "What are you dressed as?"

"Myself." Wilbur deadpans.

"I will like murder you."

“No, I got a bright green poncho in the back, I’m being Dream for the day.”

Purpled laughs, “Please tell me you have a mask.”

Wilbur grins, reaching into the glove box and pulling out a paper plate with a smiley face drawn on it, it has a ruler stuck to the back of it and that makes Purpled laugh even fucking harder.

He turns around and Wilbur holds the mask up to his face, this somehow manages to get Purpled to laugh even harder. Tommy has no clue if he’s faking his laughter or not, because that’s something Purpled doesn’t really... tend to do.

But it doesn’t matter because Wilbur seems pretty happy with himself, and he turns back around before starting the car.

“What are you?” Wilbur says, clearly speaking to Purpled.

“Floof.”

Wilbur glances at Tommy, “And you’re Techno.”

“You betcha,” Tommy grins, “I’m gonna ask if I can carry his leg around.”

“How’s he gonna... walk?”

Tommy pauses for a moment, thinking about it, “Good point, carry on.”

Wilbur rolls his eyes and the car drive passes rather calmly.

Tommy has successfully gaslit the entire fucking heroes tower into thinking there was a costume event that has not been approved of slightly— and he only sent the actual email last night.

He has too much power.

If he was a villain he would be able to break their little brains.

Luckily his morals are completely normal and also not at all fucked— not even in the slightest! And there is nothing that says otherwise about that statement.

Thankfully for the hero tower he is not a villain.

Eventually they get there and Wilbur drops them off at the front door while he goes to park, which is amazing because Floof is normally in the foyer and they have this whole plan with Kristin to get Floof in his Purpled cosplay.

Purpled and Tommy show their security passes, and Purpled glares at one of his coworkers who is wearing what appears to be— oh shit they're in a Theseus costume.

Tommy grins and shoots them finger guns.

Purpled slaps him in the arm.

Sure enough, Kristin is in the tower dealing with a Floof that does not appear to be impressed with much, he looks up and his eyes land on Purpled and he immediately appears to calm down.

Purpled sighs, walking over to Floof and picking him up from Kristin's arms. "Hey, buddy," Purpled says, keeping his still deadpanned voice, it's almost funny. "How are you?"

Floof hits him in the face with his paw.

Kristin laughs.

"Okay, have fun!" Tommy says, taking a few steps towards the elevator then turning around to face the pair of them. "I am going to go pester Techno, he's refused to tell me what he's going as."

Purpled opens his mouth and Kristin gives him a look.

Now Tommy is a lot of things.

Stupid is a few of them.

But that is the reaction of two people who know what Techno's costume is, and Tommy has the sneaking feeling it might be him— but he doesn't want to get his hopes up too much because what if he's wrong and just up himself—

He gets in the elevator.

"Henry!" Tommy says, "What are you dressed as today?"

"I do not have a physical form, Thomas, I do not dress."

"Could you do a freakishly accurate impression of Sam the entire day?"

A moment of silence.

“Sure!” Henry says in Sam’s voice, which is fucking terrifying and Tommy almost falls over in the elevator. He looks up at the roof, his mouth open. “Or would you rather this,” Henry says normally and then. “Hi, Tommy!” He says in Purpled’s voice.

“Stop being people— stop, stop it’s freaky.”

Another moment of silence.

Then it seems like Tommy talks back to himself. “Okay, *Thomas*. ” His own voice says— well *he* doesn’t say it, but his voice does. With the same speech patterns and— Tommy is going to explode Henry with his mind.

“Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye forever,” Tommy says as the elevator doors open again. He shakes his head. “I hate that, just know I fucking hate that— okay bye Henry.”

He runs out of the elevator and onto the SBI floor, where he skids slightly before running around the corner.

Then he barrels into Techno.

Techno yelps and they both hit the ground with a thump.

A moment of silence as they both debate what their life is, and Techno just stops to glare at Tommy. “You are the fucking worst.”

“I am not.”

“You literally are, you run into the man without a leg.”

“You have *a* leg.”

Techno sighs, sitting up. “You know how annoying getting off the ground with a prosthetic is —”

Tommy stands up, before flipping Techno off.

Techno is wearing jeans, which is weird because he normally wears shorts, he looks at Tommy. He is also wearing blue, which is odd because Techno doesn’t really own a lot of blue clothes.

Around his neck is a lanyard which reads *Thomas Underscore - Social Media Manager*

“That’s me.”

Techno glares at him, “Help me up,” he holds out his hand.

Tommy looks at him for a moment.

“I swear to Prime—”

Tommy grabs Techno and hauls him up. That seems to slightly concern Techno because he yelps slightly as he’s dragged up. He looks at Tommy, brushing him off and shaking his head. “I forget you’re like actually strong.”

“I could bench press Wilbur.”

“A large child could bench press Wilbur.”

“Aren’t I a large child?”

Techno hits him in the arm, before wincing slightly. “Y’know, I think I need to beat someone to death with my prosthetic to make up for how awful getting up off the floor can be. Also I’m wearing fucking *jeans* why do you wear so many jeans?”

“I like them?”

Techno sighs, leaning against the island counter and looking at Tommy, clearly amused. “So, you dyed your hair?”

Tommy’s shoulders slump a bit, “Yeah—”

“I just got a wig.” Techno reaches behind him, and puts on perhaps what is the shittiest blond wig that Tommy has ever seen. It was probably about five dollars from a shitty costume shop, but Techno puts it on anyway.

Seeing Techno blond, and with kinda short hair is so fucking terrifying.

It just looks... wrong.

Tommy at least still has the same hairstyle, just pink.

Techno grins, crossing his arms. “I think I should bleach my hair.”

“I think that’s the second worst idea you’ve ever had.”

“What’s the first?”

“Becoming friends with me,” Tommy deadpans.

Techno’s look softens for a moment, becoming something far more serious, he gives a small smile and Tommy can’t help but try to match it. “Kid, meeting you is one of the things I’m happiest about doing.”

“Don’t get sappy with me.”

“I think I’ll get sappy with you,” Techno says gently, “You’re like— alright.”

“Alright?”

“Yeah,” Techno laughs, “I think I’d upgrade the hair though, pink isn’t really your colour, only one of us is allowed to have stunning pink hair, and I think that’s the person who dyed it for years and now biologically has pink hair.”

Tommy just frowns.

“I mean, not all of us can be this amazing,” Techno deadpans, “And I think it should be me, you can stay blond. The dye isn’t permanent.”

Tommy goes quiet, looking down at his feet.

“The dye... isn’t... permanent...” Techno says slowly, “Right?”

“Ha— ha—” Tommy decides looking outside the window is something really interesting that he should be doing right now. So that is what he does, without a word he just looks at the window.

“Did you permanently dye your hair?”

There’s a coffee mug on the island counter.

Tommy picks that up.

“Don’t you fuckin’ dare throw that—”

Tommy throws that towards the elevator.

Like some cruel fate had other plans, the mug hits Wilbur, who is emerging out of the elevator and turning the corner. It hits him in the side of the head and Wilbur yells, staggering back and holding the side of his head.

He looks up for a moment. “Techno doesn’t throw mugs at people!”

Techno looks at Tommy, then Wilbur for a moment.

Before he doubles over laughing, clutching his stomach.

“Wil, are you okay—”

Techno cackles even harder.

And sure, Tommy might not be the best Techno impersonator, but he's done something right that's made Techno look like he's going to explode from laughter. And if that's... well throwing a mug directly at Wilbur's head.

Well he's done worse for less.

“how could you hurt a little kid?”

Chapter Notes

hello i listened to 'family line' by conan grey for like three hours and then wrote this in like two writing sittings because I'm a huge fucking nerd. I'm going to tell you now, this one is pretty sad! They talk about Tommy and the abuse he faced with his parents, there's victim blaming (from tommy about himself) and talks of abuse. So I would... 100% read the warnings if things like that can trigger you.

Warnings: talks of abuse: (physical & verbal), mentions of starvation, self-blame for an abusive situation

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's an early Monday morning, Tommy is pouring over paperwork and because Techno is a great brother he's sitting on the other side of the counter, helping him go through things. Just files and printed copies of various emails for the proof. It's just annoying that's all.

The light flooding the room is a warm colour and it's peaceful.

People are still filtering into the SBI offices for the mornings, and some of them give Techno and Tommy a little nod or two fingered salute that Tommy returns. Techno mostly returns them with polite smiles.

Tommy glances out the window, it's a nice day.

One morning Tommy was hiding from his parents—he went on an early morning picnic with Eryn...

Tommy pauses, looking up at Techno.

“You see me as a kid, right?”

Techno looks up his phone and screws up his face at that question. “Well yeah, you’re like— sixteen.”

Tommy pauses, “Do you like kids? Like— feel you need to protect them or nurture them or something.”

“Kinda?” Techno says slowly, his frown deepens slightly. “I mean— I don’t really like young kids, like preschoolers annoy me, teenagers annoy me slightly less— I don’t really have the overwhelming urge to go out of my way to interact with kids, but like... I think I’m pretty standard.”

“Standard?”

“I mean if I have to chose between saving an adult and a child I’m probably gonna save the kid.”

“Right...” Tommy says, looking at his paperwork. He opens and closes his mouth a few times. “And you see me as a kid?”

Techno nods.

“Have you ever wanted to hurt me?”

Techno looks up at him, his jaw may as well be on the floor because his eyes also shoot wide. “Fuckin’ pardon?”

“I—” Tommy pauses, he looks up from the paperwork he’s had his eyes firmly trained on. He slides one of them across the counter to Techno, “Like— I dunno was I ever just being loud or annoying and you just kinda thought whacking me would be easier?”

“No?” Techno keeps his voice surprisingly calm, “Why— who would think that?”

Tommy opens his mouth and closes it again. “Like— I— I dunno, kids are annoying—”

“Yeah, but that doesn’t mean I want to hit a kid?” Techno near-shrieks and Tommy just watches the expression on his face and the general horrified-ness he’s having at this moment. “Tommy— hey, what the fuck?”

Tommy looks down at his paper, “I’m just— I’m just trying to figure it out.”

Techno screws up his face, “Huh?”

“Like... like—” Tommy pauses for a moment trying to think of how to word this without getting him a one-way trip to a therapist. “How— how you could hurt a kid.”

“Huh?” Techno says.

“Like— your parents right? Like how could they call you the things they did— or how did my parents justify to themselves the things I did? Surely I have to be the problem or *something* because no one looks at a child and wants to hurt them— so what did I do that meant they wanted to... I dunno hit me.”

Techno’s expression softens.

“Tommy...” he whispers, “Alright,” he stands up and looks at Tommy, something more serious on his face. “Your parents were assholes— are— were, I think they’re dead. Your parents were assholes and you did *nothing* okay?”

“How can someone do that?” Tommy whispers, “How can— someone raise you and decide they hate you? How can they do that to someone, that— that isn’t fair. How can they—”

He doesn't cry, he's reached a weird dull acceptance when it comes to his parents. A sort of numbness, they did what they did, and justified it to themselves and Tommy was left to deal with the pieces.

"I dunno kid," Techno's voice is a bit softer than usual, he doesn't say much else and instead sits in front of Tommy with a certain sort of care on his face. "I wish I could say I know, but I don't. Because some evil, awful, vile people looked at you, and they decided they could hurt you."

Tommy just looks at him.

"But it's not your fault," Techno says gently, taking a step towards him. "Okay? You can't control what other people do to you? And I'm glad they're gone or I'd take care of them myself."

Tommy laughs, wiping a tear away from the corner of his eye.

"Just—" Techno says gently, "You need to know that, that it's not your fault. It's never been your fault. You're only a kid, alright?"

Tommy nods.

"Your parents— were disgusting— they are disgusting people, and only the most fucked up person can look at a kid, look at them laughing and grinning and *want* to hurt them. Alright? You didn't do anything."

Tommy nods. Because he doesn't know what else he can do apart from that and try not to cry. For some reason he thinks Techno wouldn't be a huge fan of him crying at the moment so Tommy doesn't.

Techno looks at him for a few more moments.

He does that thing, where he basically looks through Tommy. Like he understand everything about him and sometimes Tommy thinks that he might know everything about him, judging by the gentle yet concerned look he tends to give Tommy a lot.

He's been giving him that concerned look more recently.

Tommy... well he tries not to think about it. In complete honesty, he's okay with ignoring it until it goes away forever.

"They raised me," Tommy mutters, "They— they were nice!"

Techno looks like his heart is breaking.

"They were nice to me, for— most of my life! It's just the one and a half years that were bad, did I fuck up or something? Why did they turn on me? It's not— it's not fucking fair, they saw me as a baby and they still—"

Tommy cuts himself off.

Techno looks curious, and for a moment Tommy is scared that he's going to press, going to ask more questions. But thankfully Techno doesn't ask any questions and instead just sighs softly.

He runs a hand down his face and looks at Tommy, the same sad expression on his face. He looks back at Tommy again before sighing again, somehow he sounds even more sad.

"Just because they used to be nice to you," Techno says, "Does not mean they were nice people. It doesn't mean they're good people, and it doesn't mean you did anything to make them... I dunno start abusing you, abuse is never your fault—"

“Don’t call it that,” Tommy murmurs.

“Abuse?” Techno’s face screws up almost completely, “Tommy I mean this with love, but that is what it was. Abuse. They hurt you, they kept hurting you. It’s abuse.”

“It’s—” Tommy shakes his head. “I— it just feels like a really big word.”

Techno tilts his head at him, Floof does the same thing, it’s almost funny.

“Like... I dunno, it happens to other people, but... it doesn’t happen to me? It’s this big word with a lot of connotations and— I dunno, it doesn’t—” Tommy shrugs, looking down at his feet again.

He doesn’t have the words for it in complete honesty, he’s called it abuse— Purpled probably has, but there’s something that rings different about Techno, the person who Tommy looks up to maybe more than anyone else. Saying it, admitting it and telling Tommy with a straight face and no hesitation in his voice.

Tommy crosses his arms and slumps in his chair.

Techno moves so he’s sitting next to Tommy.

Both of them look at the papers covering the desk for a couple more moments. Neither of them say much for a while, both of them just look at the papers and Tommy sorts through them slowly.

Techno glances at him, like he’s trying to gain his courage to ask something and Tommy braces himself.

“What did they do?” Techno asks and Tommy pauses.

“It’s more of a question of what didn’t they do,” Tommy keeps his eyes on the paper, refusing to let them wander. “I guess they didn’t starve me? I always had something to eat, even if they didn’t eat themselves.”

And Techno isn’t pushing.

He’s not trying to get more information, it feels like he just— wants to know, to know why Tommy is the way he is, and Tommy wants to know the answer to that question as well.

“I—” is what Tommy says, “They’d hit me a lot,” they both pretend his voice doesn’t go weaker at that. “Yell at me even more— lock me in my room— they threatened to kill me a couple of times.”

Techno, to his credit, doesn’t let the shock play on his face. Instead he just nods, but Tommy knows him too well, he can see the way his eyebrows are furrowed into a line and how he looks like he might actually hurl. And somehow that feels like all the support Tommy needs.

“That was... mostly it,” Tommy looks back down at his papers, shuffling them around and sliding one over in Techno’s direction. “They’d hit and yell and scream and destroy my stuff and— I got a lot of injuries, I was in hospital a lot.”

“No one... asked?” Techno whispers.

“Nah,” Tommy shakes his head, “Logstedchire. Ask about one suspicious injury on a kid and you open up a whole can of worms, the system can’t accommodate for that many kids. Not that many hurt ones, not at once...”

“No one... did anything?” Techno repeats.

Tommy shakes his head, hesitating and standing up. He keeps his eyes trained on the paper and picks half of it up before moving it onto the bench behind them. “Well— I had this friend, Eryn, and his family— they were so kind to me. They lived across the road and I think his parents knew but I was stubborn and young and didn’t know better.”

He doesn’t look up so he can’t see Techno’s expression.

“They were— very kind,” Tommy says again, “They’d let me stay over and eat and yeah... it was nice.”

Techno just nods.

“I’m glad,” Techno says and it sounds like he means it.

Tommy nods because he doesn’t know what else he can do apart from that.

“It’s not your fault,” Techno says again, he still has the same level of care in his voice as before. Tommy might even say that it’s more, if he really wanted to push it. “Okay, kid? You don’t control other people’s actions, and they hurt you and that wasn’t your fault. You couldn’t control that, you’re not the reason they’re assholes, they just are— some people are born to hurt others.”

Tommy nods, eyes on the paper.

And in his gut... Tommy can’t help but feel like, maybe he was one of those people.

Maybe he was one of the people born to hurt others.

He tries to ignore the pit in his stomach as he picks up his papers.

Chapter End Notes

this is part of the TINAAOS SPREE.

where i am updating: the purpled spin-off, uploading a deo oneshot, updating chapter 35 and this! this is the first part of that!

so in a couple more hours we will have the deo oneshot!

* "oh, don't leave me here alone"

Chapter Summary

READ THE WARNINGS ON THIS ONE /GEN

okay ty and enjoy

Chapter Notes

Warnings: MAJOR CHARACTER DEATH, injury, grief, blood, a lot of death and destruction, graphic violence and descriptions of injury, suicide idealisation, suicidal thoughts

THIS ONE IS DARK OKAY?

LIKE DARKEST I'VE EVER WRITTEN FOR *ANYTHING*

I AM BEGGING YOU TO READ THE WARNINGS ON THIS ONE BECAUSE IT CAN BE VERY TRIGGERING

on a better note! Happy birthday Rozy, thank you for being just one of the coolest people I've ever had the pleasure of meeting, you're an amazing person and watching you grow as an artist and writer has been one of the coolest things in the fucking world. Thank you for being an amazing friend and know if you ever need anything I'm here for you!

Title from [Hello My Old Heart](#) by The Oh Hellos

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy's never held someone as they've died before.

Purpled's dying, the ugly truth of it all, and Tommy can't do anything. His powers aren't working and all he can do is hold Purpled and try to make it hurt less, tell him that he won't be alone.

Because he won't, he's not alone, Purpled's never been alone.

The bullet wound is too much, Tommy's hands are covered in blood and he holds his best friend ontop of a rooftop that seems to haunt them. First Tommy was kicked from here, and now Purpled will bleed out in the cold.

Purpled has a grip on Tommy's arm so tight it might bruise, he's shaking and—

"You're okay, you're okay," Tommy says, his voice is shaking and they both know he's lying and—

"Need better final words," Purpled mutters, "Than a bunch of swearing, need it to go down in history."

Tommy laughs, and it's more of a sob.

Purpled looks up at Tommy, his eyes are fuzzy and he's shaking and he's going to die and Tommy will have to live and Tommy doesn't know if he can do this alone. "You," Purpled says, "Gotta— keep going," he whispers. "I know you'll wanna give up because you're—" he coughs and it's more blood than saliva. "You, but if you die as well I'm gonna kick your ass."

Tommy shakes his head, "You can't— leave me."

Purpled just looks at him, "Not leavin' dickhead," he murmurs, "That implies you're gonna forget me."

"No, never," he whispers.

Purpled looks up at him, something tired in his expression.

Then he nods. “Good,” he murmurs. Then Purpled leans back slightly, sighing, he seems at peace— he seems, calm and Tommy is glad that he gets that. In his last moments, Tommy is glad Purpled can get this sort of peace, any.

“Hey, Tommy,” Purpled says and Tommy looks at him. “Think we make an okay team?”

“Yeah?” Tommy says through tears, “Yeah— we do.”

Purpled nods.

His eyes close.

There’s no big moment, no last words, nothing that Tommy is able to hold onto.

It’s just Purpled slipping away into— whatever death brings.

Tommy looks at his best friend.

He’s freezing.

His hands are numb, and Tommy can barely breathe, let alone think.

Purpled’s gone.

Tommy—

Purpled's gone. Dead.

And Tommy doesn't feel a single thing apart from the numbness that sits in his gut and he can't get rid of. The deep feeling of nothing.

It's not rage, nor grief.

Nothing.

It's... so much nothing.

Tommy looks at Purpled, his arm has gone limp and the rise and fall of his chest has gone with it.

The numbness surrounds him, he can't do anything but kneel there staring at the body of his best friend. Purpled— he's gone and Tommy—

He can't do this alone.

Then Tommy screams.

He can feel his heart shattering inside of him.

His voice is raw from the scream he lets out, the one that covers Logstedchire in the feeling of doom and the grief that comes from his scream. The one that has his heart breaking inside of him.

Tommy folds over himself, clutching his stomach as he screams and screams until his voice is barely able to be heard, until it's a whisper of a thing against the back of his throat. Until

there are tears streaming down his face so much he can't see.

And if a hero was to come across him, they would not see Theseus the terrorist or Theseus the monster. They'd see Theseus the broken boy, the one mourning, the one who had his heart ripped out of him, in every meaning that mattered.

They would see a child, grieving.

Tommy holds his stomach, tears streaming from his face as he feels the numbness and the anger and the sadness and the *grief* that surrounds him. It hurts, it feels like nothing, it's not fair and it's funny how the universe seems to get its karma.

And then Tommy sits up, tears still streaming down his face.

He feels cold.

Freezing, he can't feel his hands.

He'll kill them.

He'll kill all of Elysium if it fucking kills him.

It might kill him.

He doesn't care.

Tommy stands up, legs shaking and he looks at Purpled. He can't leave him there— on this rooftop, he doesn't deserve that— he doesn't know what to do though, Purpled won't be cold yet, but he's—

He cuts himself off with another sob.

He can't leave Purpled here.

Absent-mindedly his hand goes to the necklace that he's kept around him for so long, the one Techno gave him for Swinter. The one that he has to break and then Techno will come save him— or do whatever he can.

Purpled needs the help.

Tommy rips the necklace off his own neck, dropping it onto the ground and smashing it with his foot.

Nothing happens.

Techno will arrive, he always does.

Right now Tommy has to rip apart those *motherfuckers* . And he's going to enjoy doing it, he's going to enjoy every last second of it and he's going to avenge Purpled even if it kills him.

Especially if it kills him.

Tommy doesn't remember how he gets to Reddings, he doesn't remember why they let him in. What he does know is the grief that floods his entire body, the pain and the tears he can't quite wipe away.

He does remember TapL talking to him, talking shit the way he normally does.

Then he remembers turning around, and slamming TapL against the wall. Without his powers. He knocks the guns away from everyone pointing one at him, and they clatter to the ground loudly.

Tommy slams his forearm into TapL's throat and he chokes at that.

Then Tommy grabs TapL by the hair, slamming him into the ground before turning around for some of the guards.

Someone tries to shoot at him.

Tommy throws a hand out, yanking the gun out of their hands and it clatters to the ground. Tommy doesn't hesitate before beating them over the head with the gun, Tommy hears the snap.

He doesn't care, he turns back towards TapL.

"Did you know?" Tommy snarls, "Did you organise Purpled's death?"

TapL goes quiet for a moment.

"Yes."

Tommy slams his head into the ground, that's not enough so he does it again.

Then he stands up.

TapL doesn't move.

Tommy turns around facing the guards.

He barely remembers what he does, he knows he slams one into the wall and blood splatters on the wall. He knows that he grabs a gun from the floor before shooting two people with it.

Then he's done, there's bodies around him and Tommy is breathing heavily.

The blood reaches his shoes.

Tommy doesn't care.

He blasts through the vault door.

He doesn't want to kill anyone innocent today.

Standing in front of him is Hannah, she has her arms out in front of two kids, clearly protecting them.

Tommy looks at the blood staining his own shirt, yeah that's fair enough.

He looks at Hannah.

"Did you know?" Tommy asks.

Hannah tilts her head at him.

“That they were going to target Purpled?”

Hannah straightens up, her hands balled into fists either side of her. “Yes,” she whispers.

Tommy tilts his head to the side and her neck snaps.

The two kids she was protecting scream as she hits the ground.

Tommy doesn’t care.

He looks at the two of them, one of them summons something with their powers and throws it at his head, Tommy just holds up a hand and the— icicle that was thrown at him falls to the ground.

“Do you know Punz?” Tommy asks.

They both nod, both are shaking.

Tommy wipes his hands on his shirt.

“Where is he?” Tommy asks.

The smaller one points up to one of the roofs.

Tommy sees the sniper pointed at him, and he can see the blood— Purpled’s blood, that stains Punz’s hoodie. The white becomes something ugly and mottled and Tommy hates it more than anything.

“Punz!” Tommy screams, “Get down here you bastard.”

Punz pauses.

Then he fires a shot.

Tommy doesn’t even need to do anything.

His powers stop it right before it hits him in the forehead.

A part of Tommy wishes that it hit.

Then Tommy takes a deep breath, the fury still in his veins as he rises higher. He lifts off the ground, using his powers as he rises more. He has his hands by his side, and he lands on the roof next to Punz.

“I’m going to kill you,” Tommy whispers, “And I’m fucking going to make it hurt, and I am going to rip you apart limb from limb and watch you bleed.”

Punz doesn’t look scared, but when Tommy steps forwards he steps back.

Tommy punches him in the face, and it’s the best feeling he’s ever had.

He knocks Punz onto the ground, and Punz looks up at him with wide, scared eyes.

Good.

Tommy grins, before taking off his mask and smiling down at Punz.

Punz's eyes go wider.

"Didn't see that coming did you?" Tommy snarls.

"Can't say I did," Punz says, "But it makes sense."

Tommy doesn't hesitate to knock Punz to the ground with a well placed kick, Punz scrambles to grab his gun but Tommy manages to summon it to his hand quicker than Punz can grab it.

So Tommy points the gun at Punz's chest.

Punz just looks at him, "Really didn't think Purpled had anyone who cared that much about him."

Tommy doesn't waiver, he's fuelled by grief and anger.

That's a dangerous combination for anyone, let alone Tommy.

Tommy stares at him for a moment longer, his hands start shaking. He doesn't want this to be quick and painless, he needs Punz to die. Alone. Without anyone around him apart from the cold and people who are too scared to help him.

So Tommy smiles, throwing the sniper rifle off the side of the building.

Then Tommy grins even wider.

Density shift.

They're easy, Tommy can do them like it's nothing.

He's going to enjoy this one more than average though.

Punz cries out and looks up at Tommy with wide eyes.

Now Tommy is going to do this little thing, called collapsing someone's ribs in on their lungs. He could've done it to Wilbur at the library if he pushed enough, he didn't though, because no one deserves to die like that—

Well Tommy thought that.

Now he adamantly disagrees.

He doesn't hesitate as he can hear the snap of Punz's ribs and then the ragged wet breath that follows.

Tommy doesn't do anything else.

Punz will die, on his own time, Tommy has nothing better to do than watch and enjoy the pain.

And— he really enjoys it.

He enjoys pushing Punz's ribs into his lungs even more, he enjoys the pain he is clearly in and he enjoys knowing that this is how Punz will spend his final moments— regretting killing someone because of the pain he is now in.

And Tommy lets himself enjoy it, the winces and every wet cough and splutter and the general pain.

Then he decides that Punz will die alone.

He turns around and he leaves.

No one stops him.

They know better.

There's blood on Tommy's hands and he's not even sure how, he know somewhere between all of that is Purpled's blood and he hates it. He hates the way the blood has dried and he hates the way that he can feel it on his hands.

He finds himself wandering.

Then he finds a rooftop that is all too familiar.

Where Spectre, Wilbur, whatever he is, fought him for the first time. To the side is an alley that he remembers falling down, it almost feels funny. Tommy smiles.

Funny.

Where this whole thing started, and where it will probably end.

Tommy sits on the roof, blood on his hands, he takes off his mask and sets it down next to him.

He doesn't care anymore.

He doesn't have a reason to care.

"Tommy?"

Tommy looks up from his hands, the ones covered in blood and cuts and he's not sure where his blood begins and the blood of others ends.

It's Wilbur.

Tommy doesn't have the energy to care about what this means, he just... looks at Wilbur, before turning around and looking across the skyline. In near complete silence as Wilbur approaches him.

"I heard about Daniel— Purpled— I dunno."

Tommy turns to look at him, "Here to arrest me?"

"Officially I am," Wilbur sits down next to him, being careful to avoid some of the blood.
"So... you're Theseus?"

"I can't do this right now," Tommy whispers, "Wil— please I can't deal with any of this right now, please don't make me do this."

“Okay,” Wilbur says gently, he looks out across the skyline at the setting sun with Tommy. “Okay...” he says again like he needs to get the words into his own head. And perhaps he does.

Just a long moment of stretching silence.

Tommy doesn't lean towards Wilbur, nor does Wilbur lean towards Tommy.

“Y’know,” Wilbur says gently, “You are my brother first, everything else comes later— and yeah I’m not like— ecstatic about this, but you’re Tommy before you’re Theseus and you’re my brother before you’re whatever monster you’ve made yourself out to be.”

Tommy goes quiet.

“And yeah— this makes a lot of sense looking back, why Techno acted the way he did, why you acted the way you did. And... I’m sorry about what I did to you, and I think you’re sorry about what you’ve done to me.”

Tommy doesn't disagree.

He doesn't agree either.

“You’re just a kid,” Wilbur says, “It’ll be okay. I won’t let anything happen to you.”

“You can’t promise that.”

“I can try.”

“I just killed ten people,” Tommy mutters.

Wilbur hums thoughtfully, “Yeah that’s not amazing I will level with you.”

Tommy manages a laugh, he shakes his head and holy shit his hands are shaking so much. He can barely think of anything else apart from how hard he’s shaking. “I think I’ve fucked up.”

Wilbur laughs, nodding and he leans back so he’s laying on the roof. His back against the concrete and his legs dangling over the edge. He looks up at the sky, “I mean— Dream and Sapnap accidentally killed twenty-four people.”

Tommy just looks at him, “Huh?”

“To be fair Sam and Puffy are also at fault there,” Wilbur sighs and throws an arm across his forehead, apparently not saying much and just looking up at the sky.

Tommy lays down next to him.

“Will I need to cuff you?” Wilbur asks, “Or will you follow of your own freewill?”

“Freewill,” Tommy says, “I can’t go back to my apartment— I can’t go anywhere, I can’t— I can’t do this Wil—”

“You need help,” Wilbur says gently, he sits up and looks down at Tommy. “Alright? You need help, desperately, and I’m sorry it’s gotten to a place that this is the way you’ll get it. But— it’ll be okay.”

“Doesn’t feel like it,” Tommy stares up at the sky, hoping Wilbur can’t see the tears, but they both know he can. “I just—” he cuts himself off. “I miss him.”

Wilbur nods. “I know.”

“I can’t fix this,” Tommy says slowly. “I can’t reverse death—”

And Wilbur nods.

And somehow that’s what gets him. Wilbur Soot, sitting next to him on the worst day of Tommy’s life, the day he’s lost everything, everything that matters to him. His secret as Theseus, and Purpled.

His best friend.

Purpled... who is gone now, nothing but a memory and a bruise on Tommy’s arm from where he was holding onto Tommy.

Tommy stares at the sky, trying to blink away his tears.

Wilbur is here—

Despite everything, Wilbur’s just here.

Tommy misses Purpled already.

He misses having someone who knows him better than anything, someone who trusts him and Tommy misses his stupid jokes and his stupid fucking purple hoodie and everything... Tommy just misses.

Tommy stares at the edge of the building.

Then he looks at Wilbur.

He could jump.

Wilbur is looking up at the sky still.

He wouldn't notice until it's too late.

Tommy stares over the edge.

Would his powers save him?

Surely they would...

They do every other time.

The building isn't actually that tall, it would probably just break a couple of bones—

Tommy keeps his eyes on the edge.

“Tommy?” Wilbur says and Tommy jumps, turning around and looking at him. Wilbur blinks a couple of times and Tommy blinks back at him. A sort of horror dawns on Wilbur's face, they both knew what he was thinking.

Wilbur gets up onto his feet straight away, scrambling slightly and grabbing Tommy by the wrist.

“No.”

Tommy doesn't try to pull his grip from Wilbur's.

He doesn't want to die.

He's just not sure if this whole living thing is worth it.

Wilbur's grip tightens even more and he shakes his head.

Tommy takes a step back, his entire body is shaking and he steps away from the ledge and towards Wilbur.

“I'm sick of hurting people,” Tommy murmurs. “Everyone I love— I end up hurting and I'm so sick of it Wil, how many more people can I hurt? Everyone— literally everyone I love—” he bursts into tears.

Purpled is dead.

And Tommy, the one who breaks everything he touches, he's the one still here. He's the one who has to live, and he's the one who has to keep going.

Isn't that the way it always goes with Tommy? He breaks something beyond repair and he's the one who keeps going.

He misses Purpled.

He misses when things were easy.

But Wilbur has a hold on him, and Wilbur won't let go for anything and—

Tommy lets himself get pulled away.

To whatever his mistakes lead him to next.

Chapter End Notes

"Why did Wilbur react so well?" You may ask because Wilbur had what I call the Big Brother Override, which meant he essentially threw all his needs and wants and feelings about the situation away because Tommy was in *a lot* of pain. Wilbur would have a breakdown and all the anger about this later, but for now big brother instinct is taking over.

Don't worry, it won't go this well in the actual fic.

Also just know, in this Techno was the second person to find Purpled's body, since of the broken bedrock necklace and while Techno doesn't think of Purpled as a brother (yet) he does care a lot about him...

Fun fact for you all!!!!

Business Bay Fluff

Chapter Notes

Warnings: There's a bit of food talk and for anyone with textural issues it might make you go eeeeeee /neg because Wisp & Tommy mess with the food. There's a couple of mentions of guns and weapons and vaguely concerning things, but Tommy's talking about his childhood so it's y'know.

Hi guys! This was/is my backup oneshot in case I couldn't get the Deo one done in time. If that's the case I greatly apologise, that will be out at sometime in the greater series. I should probably update this before the actual upload but y'know.

I just wanted to write some of Tommy & Deo bein' them, they're just lil' guys.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Looking back, Tommy's childhood wasn't really normal. It started with his parents and ended with Deo, both of whom weren't very normal people. Deo was kind, but he was also— the leader of a gang which led to some odd situations now that Tommy thought about it. His parents sucked, that much was simple. Tommy still had some built up feelings about that.

Sure, he didn't have the most normal childhood—

Sure it was probably the reason he was desensitised to violence considering at Deo's there were more guns than people. And sure— one time he was pretty sure someone was kidnapped and in the basement—

And sure it might be the reason Tommy places such high standards on himself due to—

Yeah.

It was an interesting time for sure.

But it was never all bad, it was probably one of the easiest times in his life. He didn't know any better than this, he only knew that Deo— his brother, father-figure, it was a bit complicated, had a job that meant they were all in danger sometimes. And honestly, Tommy didn't mind.

It was nice.

Really nice, honestly.

Luke was friendly and knew how to make him laugh harder than anyone else, Bitzel knew how to do all his homework and was very weak when Tommy just asked nicely. Wisp taught him how to fight— kinda...

And maybe gave him some dodgy life advice.

But it happens.

Business Bay was the home he always wanted and he got.

On some nights, when everyone wasn't busy they'd all sit down and have a big dinner. Tommy remembers one of them in particular.

He would've been... maybe ten, going on eleven, and he was having the time of his life destroying the egg and bacon pie that Wisp had made (with Tommy's expert help, of course).

"So," Wisp had said, the mischievous smile on his face that Tommy had learned to just accept from him, he was always grinning or smirking about something and when Tommy was little he hoped he'd be just like that—

He changed his mind about two years later.

“Deo, how was your slice?” Wisp asked.

Tommy resisted the urge to laugh, slapping his hand over his palm. Deo saw it right away, of course, Deo fucking saw everything, whether they liked it or not. If there was constant in his life, ever, it was that Deo knew just about everything about what Tommy did.

He knew every time Tommy tried to sneak up on him and he knew every time Tommy tried to bother him.

Deo looked at Tommy, an amused expression on his face. “Something funny Tommy?”

Tommy shook his head, still covering his hand over his mouth and Deo rolled his eyes. Luke was next to him, trying not to laugh just due to the expression on Tommy’s face. Later he’d find out his face was bright red from trying to repress the urge to laugh.

However, he was simply built different and managed to suppress his laughter.

Not well.

But well enough.

“Good,” Deo said smoothly, stabbing at his section of pie.

Bitzel had started examining his section of pie suspiciously.

“Your pie is fine,” Wisp laughed, “Unless you swapped your plate with Deo.”

Bitzel looked up, as if he was thinking. “Did I?” He asked, “Holy mother of Prime— did I fucking swap the plates.”

“Nope,” Wisp said, “So... Deo was your pie a bit... crunchy?”

“No, actually,” Deo grinned, leaning back in his chair, something alight on his face. “It was nice and without any strategically placed egg shells.”

Tommy couldn’t repress his laughter, even with two hands slapped over his mouth.

Ten-year-olds weren’t exactly renowned for being able to stop themselves from laughing, and so Tommy burst out laughing. He spat everywhere as he did so, Bitzel and Wisp yelled in disgust.

Deo leaned back on his chair, laughing so hard that he didn’t notice when the chair tipped over to the ground and clattered there. Deo didn’t get up off the floor instead he kept laughing, holding his stomach.

Luke banged on the table, clutching his stomach and resting his forehead on the edge of the table.

Eventually all of them were laughing so hard there were tears in their eyes. Tommy didn’t really know why they were laughing, but he didn’t want to feel left out so he laughed as well. And honestly, watching Deo’s reactions was hilarious.

After a long moment they all managed to regain their composure.

Then Deo huffed slightly and they burst out into another round of laughter.

They just... laughed, it was really that simple sometimes. Sometimes Wisp taught him how to stab someone in the leg, sometimes Deo would answer his phone while beating the shit out of

people to answer his homework questions. Sometimes Luke would lock all the doors and grab Tommy as people roamed around their house.

It was his childhood.

But he had these people.

It was hard to forget they were considered four of the most dangerous people in L'Manberg at the time. And Tommy wouldn't find that out until much later, sometimes it was just him laughing over nothing and Deo being the best.

After many more bouts of laughter they all managed to gain their composure.

Deo scooped a bite out of his pie, and chewed with his mouth open so everyone could hear the crunch of the egg shells.

"Wait that sounds kinda good—" Luke said, snatching the plate off Deo and taking a bite out of the pie. Luke paused, screwing up his face and slowly chewing the pie. His face screwed up in confusion. "That's kinda good—"

Chaos erupted at the table, people yelling that Luke was a fucking idiot and eggshells are not something that anyone wants to eat... well *ever*. Luke tried to defend himself but it was too late.

So Luke ate the eggshell pie, and Deo ate the rest of Luke's slice of pie.

After that dinner passed surprisingly peacefully, with Bitzel deciding to take care of the dishes and Deo was on bedtime duty.

Bedtime duty because Tommy was unreliable and liked to sneak out to hear the adult conversations, something he'd later be glad he did. But right now everything was good and

Tommy was happy with where he was.

Deo led him to his room, and Tommy flung the door open.

It hit into a pile of toys.

Deo raised an eyebrow, “Now... Tommy—”

Tommy grinned widely. “What?” He asked.

“You were supposed to clean your room yesterday.”

“I did!” Tommy nodded his head, trying to get his point across. It didn’t really work, but he’d pretend it did anyway. “It just got messy again, Luke and I were playing trucks! Did you know that I’m very good at driving?”

“Really?” Deo asked.

Tommy ran over onto his bed, jumping onto it and scrambling to get underneath the covers. He did so successfully and pulled the blanket up to just underneath his chin. He didn’t say much, only looking up at Deo who looked at his room with mild disgust.

“Tommy is that a rat?”

“Yeah!” Tommy sat up, “That’s Barry.”

“You have... a pet rat?”

“No, no,” Tommy pulled up the arm of his pajama sleeve, “Barry doesn’t like me very much — he bit me.” He showed Deo the mark on his arm and it looked like Deo aged even more rapidly. He looked at Tommy with confused eyes.

“I— you’re going to the doctors tomorrow.”

Tommy shook his head, “I don’t like the doctors.”

“Buddy,” Deo sat down on the bed and Tommy laid back down, still looking at Deo. “You can get sick when animals bite you. I know you like Barry— but Barry is an animal, and we need to be careful anyway. If you go to the doctors— I think Wisp will clean your room.”

That was a great deal!

Tommy didn’t want to clean his room.

Wisp would.

Tommy grinned, “Okay!”

Deo laughed, ruffling Tommy’s hair.

He stood up, walking towards the door and the light. He switched the light off, standing in the doorway for a second.

“Love you, Tommy.”

“Love you too,” Tommy responded.

Another moment of silence, “No you’re not getting out of going to the doctors.”

“I know,” Tommy replied, wiggling under the blankets a bit more and Deo laughed, looking at him. He looked like a worm. “I just love you— even when you don’t get me chocolate milks.”

“Go to sleep you fuckhead,” Deo laughed, closing the door behind him.

And in the dark Tommy smiled to himself.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!

Remember tinaaos!business bay ended badly and Tommy got kicked out because Deo wanted to protect him <333

* "i don't think I want to leave you here alone"

Chapter Summary

And in the end, Icarus was the one who fell.

Theseus was pushed.

And there was no King Lycomedes around today.

Only the broken and battered body at the bottom of the tower, and Theseus— who failed, when it really mattered.

Chapter Notes

Hello. HAPPY BIRTHDAY ALMOST KINDA, NOT REALLY, TODO TOAD TODODOKII_

so i went "yooo what do u want" and todo said that they wanted angst, and so i kinda created this rather quickly. i had a GREAT time sending out of context snippets to my friends and being able to write in a more fancy writing style for once, this was also kinda gratifying because I got to work through some feelings I've been having.

Todo, you, happy birthday. I'm not gonna do a super long message because we both know that's not my style, but thanks for being my friend and just being a really good person that I depend on a lot, thanks for the advice and the various smoll tommy's and for listening to my rants about bi representation in media and how i am going to tap into the enemies to lovers BUT GAY market one day. it means so much more than you know

anyway, onto killing ur favourite character!!!

Warnings:: major character death, talks of funerals, death and grief, mentions of injuries

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy enters the tower, still with tears streaming down his face, he doesn't even bother to wipe them. He ignores the concerned look Kristin gives him, and steps over the hole in the floor they haven't patched up yet.

He just... can't stop crying.

Tears stream down his face, and he sobs silently, his shoulders moving from the effort of it all, his hands is pressed over his mouth and he needs to stop crying— but he can't, because finally everything's falling apart, and Tommy lets himself fall with it.

The elevator dings.

The door opens.

Wilbur is standing in the living area, he's kinda... leaning against the couch, coffee in one hand and scrolling on his phone with his other hand. It's a moment of peace for Wilbur, Tommy can see that.

For once he doesn't have that crease between his eyes, he just looks... calm.

Tommy almost feels bad for ruining it.

He tries to wipe away the tears that are rolling down his face. It barely succeeds, and Tommy attempts again, but he fails again, he's just crying too much. He's crying too much and he can't stop it and—

He needs Wilbur.

He's never had a brother before, not really, never an older one before Techno and Wilbur, and he imagines this is what it would feel like. When he was bothered at school, he could've gone to them crying, he could've gone to them...

And now that's kinda what's happened.

Wilbur looks up from his phone, and immediately the crease between his eyes appear again, as he puts the coffee down on the end table and rushes over towards Tommy. Wilbur grabs him by the shoulders.

“Tommy?”

“Fuck off,” Tommy mutters weakly.

They both know that Tommy doesn’t mean it, and Wilbur just looks so concerned and—

Tommy bursts out into tears again, this time not caring that he was crying and being loud about it, he launches himself into Wilbur’s arms and Wilbur catches him like he was always meant to be hugging him.

He buries his face in Wilbur’s shoulder and cries, Wilbur hugs him tightly, because Tommy doesn’t want to talk about it and Wilbur doesn’t want to push. So Tommy cries into his shoulder, grabbing onto Wilbur with enough force that it’s probably painful.

Wilbur doesn’t mind, and if he does he doesn’t say anything.

Tommy has never been more grateful. He grabs onto Wilbur and he just... lets himself cry, because everything is falling apart and Tommy really feels like he has no one and everything is awful and he’s so fucking tired of it all.

Wilbur hugs him, that’s all he can do.

Even as Tommy gets a disgusting amount of snot on Wilbur’s shoulder and Wilbur doesn’t care because he’s just...a good person, and Tommy has never been as grateful for anyone as he is in this moment.

It's just Wilbur.

Eventually, Tommy manages to calm his tears mostly.

Wilbur goes to grab a glass of water, which he hands to Tommy, before grabbing a bunch of tissues as well. Tommy takes both.

He sips at the water, before trying to tackle the snot situation.

When he's done, Wilbur looks at him, just... so much care on his face that it's unreal, and Tommy's chest seems to squeeze at that. It's nice to be cared about.

“What happened?” Wilbur asks.

Tommy opens his mouth, “I— my old roommate, you know him— he basically—”

The tower shudders.

Tommy closes his mouth and looks at Wilbur who also looks about just as shocked as Tommy is.

“What the fuck—”

Then the building shakes again, and Tommy is only vaguely aware of the building shuddering because something flies at the window and it breaks.

The windows crumbles like paper.

It's not supposed to do that—

Tommy grabs onto Wilbur's arm. "Wil?"

Wilbur stares at the windows, and the shattered glass on the ground and he takes a deep breath. Reaching to the counter he picks up a kitchen knife, and Tommy honestly doesn't know how he's supposed to handle this.

They're so fucking high up and the windows have been blown in.

Tommy looks at Wilbur with wide eyes, Wilbur frowns a bit.

"Wilbur—"

"It's fine," Wilbur says, looking over at Tommy. "Alright? Everything's okay..."

"The windows just got blown up!" Tommy screeches, still grabbing onto Wilbur's arm. "I don't think it's fine."

"It is," Wilbur says again, handing Tommy the kitchen knife. "I'm gonna go see what it is—"

"You're gonna go *towards* the open window? The one that means you will fall about sixty storeys at best—"

"That," Wilbur says, taking a few more steps forwards and Tommy doesn't let go of his arm. "Tommy, I'll be fine— trust me on that one, it's fine—"

Tommy doesn't let go of Wilbur's arm, but he takes a few more steps towards the edge of the building.

Wilbur manages to get his arm free, before taking large steps over right to the edge of the building, holding onto what remains of one of the walls.

He peers over the edge, looking down the side of the building with wide eyes.

“Oh, shit—”

That is what gets Tommy moving, he starts moving before he’s aware of what he’s doing.

Then a bomb, or something, but Tommy watches as Wilbur stumbles to the side from the force of it, and he trips.

Tommy yells, basically running forwards and grabbing onto the wall.

Wilbur’s managed to get his grip on a piece of... something sticking out of the building, old steel or something like that.

He’s holding it with both hands.

Tommy can barely breathe.

Wilbur is—

“It’s fine!” Wilbur yells, despite it, clearly not being fine.

“Wilbur!” Tommy cries out because he doesn’t know what else to do, “Don’t worry it’s fine — I’ll get you, you’re gonna be fine.”

His grip slips slightly, and Wilbur's eyes go wide.

Tommy lays down on his stomach, over the edge of the building, his head is over the edge and he can see the drop that lies below. His stomach lurches from it— oh shit, that's not good.

They're up so fucking high—

Why are they up so high, that's such a bad idea—

Couldn't they have just made the SBI floor on like the second floor—

Tommy reaches down, stretching out his arm as much as he can to try and grab Wilbur.

Wilbur looks at him, before trying to reach out his own arm. His grip with his other hand fails and he goes back to grabbing the metal with both hands.

Okay, Tommy can do this.

He shuffles forwards so more of his body is hanging off the side of the building. With one hand he holds onto the wall next to him, wrapping his hand around it for the pretence of stability.

“Wil— I can't reach.”

Wilbur just nods, “Yeah, I'm kinda getting that!” There's a bit of franticness in his voice, which doesn't calm Tommy down.

And now they're both panicking.

Great.

Tommy tries to reach down further, tries to grab Wilbur and hoist him back up into the tower, back where he's safe.

Wilbur reaches up with his other hand again.

His fingers brush against Tommy's hand, and Tommy almost, nearly, grabs him.

Maybe in another life, he would have.

Instead, Wilbur loses grip with his hand holding onto the metal spoke out of the building that became his saviour.

Wilbur's eyes go wide with horror, and Tommy's do as well.

"Wil!" He screams, but that's nothing.

And they said Icarus laughed as he fell.

Wilbur was no different.

Tommy watches, as Wilbur falls, something almost peaceful on his face as he plummets to his demise. He plummets towards the ground, with no wings to catch him, and no one to catch him.

Tommy's powers don't work.

They never work anymore.

He can't save Wilbur—

And he doesn't save Wilbur.

And in the end, Icarus was the one who fell.

Theseus was pushed.

And there was no King Lycomedes around today.

Only the broken and battered body at the bottom of the tower, and Theseus— who failed, when it really mattered.

The story of Icarus tells about how Daedalus, his father reacted to the death of Icarus. Yet the story still went on after that, with Daedalus eventually saving the day and the death of Icarus was avoidable, but for the greater good.

There's someone not mentioned in the myth, someone who does not experience the same grief in the myth.

Icarus has a brother—

Well it depends on the version of the myth you read, but the version Techno knows, is that Icarus had a brother. A half-brother or a full-brother, the detail barely matters. Icarus has a brother.

Iapyx, the often-forgotten brother of Icarus.

They didn't get final words, as far as Techno knows, and Iapyx was barely mentioned after the death of Icarus.

Techno likes to think that Iapyx drew in on himself, from the grief that consumed him at the preventable death of his brother. At the death of perhaps his other half, the person he grew up with...

Grief is a funny thing.

That's what Techno tells himself as he holds the letter of his dead brother in his hand, that's what he tells himself as all he can see is the messy scrawl of Techno's name on the front of it.

These are the last words, the last words that Icarus never got to Iapyx, and Techno holds it like it's made of gold and everything that means anything. Because it is, this is everything to him.

It feels like the last sign that Wilbur was here, the last sign.

The sign that he's not buried in the ground, that Techno didn't watch the casket today, that Techno isn't wearing a tie around his neck and holding grief around him as he realises that Wilbur isn't by his side anymore.

Techno.

It's the name scrawled on the front and Techno keeps staring at it, like the familiar handwriting will revive Wilbur. Like he can just laugh and hit Wilbur in the shoulder for being an idiot.

Like Techno can stand up and hug Wilbur again, and then yell at him for scaring everyone and—

Techno.

The words seem to taunt him.

He knows Phil's read his, he read it before the funeral. He's not sure if Tommy's read his. He thinks so.

Wilbur didn't leave messages to many people when Techno and him used to talk about it when they were younger when this grief seemed like something so far away. When everything was kinder to them.

He had always said, *"Well, I say most of the things I need to say. Only a few people are gonna need... final words."*

Techno knows a few people who have letters from him. Quackity, Shubble, Tommy, Phil and himself... and he's the last one to read his— unless Tommy hasn't. He's not sure, the rest of them read theirs before the funeral.

He doesn't want to read this letter, it feels like he'll allow himself to move on.

He wants to sit in this grief forever.

Instead, he takes a deep breath.

He opens the letter.

Dearest Techno, if you're reading this letter I have died horribly. Well maybe horribly, probably not, I live a very boring life. Which is also a lie, I have lied twice in this letter and I'm in the first paragraph.

I've written these letters for like ten years now, and I think if I die you get all my old ones too, so you can see the ones I wrote for you when I was seventeen and you took my bacon the morning before.

As I'm writing this, I'm in the hospital, which isn't rare. Theseus just beat the shit out of me and I'm bored out of my mind, hence why I'm being all emotional and will say poetic things.

Thank you.

Techno doesn't even care that he's crying so hard he can barely read the words.

He misses Wilbur.

He misses his brother.

I am so glad you let me be your older brother, despite your initial protests, I'm glad you came around because I would devote lifetimes to keep you safe, and it feels a bit awkward if you don't feel the same way...

I love you, but you know that.

I'm sorry, as well, for leaving you. You might hate me forever for that, and that's okay, alright? You're allowed to hate me for that, I'll hate myself for that as well. Thank you for letting me be in your life, as limited as our time might be.

We fought a lot, yet I never doubted that I would risk everything for you and I'd do it time and time again until you were safe. I know you know this, but putting it in words might make you feel a sense of peace—I'm not sure, I'm kinda rambling right now.

Watching you grow as a person has been one of the most gratifying things in my entire life, watching you become the person you are today, a brave and most of all, kind person. It has been amazing to watch, and I am so proud that you let me call you my brother, and I am so proud of the person you've become and the person you keep on becoming. You are so incredibly kind, and brave, it makes me look bad—

Also if I died in a dramatic way, you gotta find an ouija board and tell me, because that would be epic. If they make a statue of me, tear it down, you deserve a bit of vandalism and I give you my permission.

Techno finds his legs drawn to his chest, tears still pouring down his face as he reads the paper he's holding out in front of him. He can still see the pen marks, and the absent-minded scribbles in the middle.

Wilbur wrote this while alive, not that long ago.

Techno's chest seems to seize up at that, and he clutches the paper in his hand.

This is the proof, this is the proof that Wilbur was here, and he cared for Techno and Techno cared for him. This is the evidence in words, in no more vague terms that Techno can debate over forever.

Wilbur was here.

His brother mattered to him, and Techno mattered to his brother.

It's really that simple, isn't it?

And this grief is the leftovers, the bits of love Techno can't give anymore, the bits that he still carries with him.

He wants this grief to consume him because it's proof that Wilbur was alive, it's proof that they cared for each other. It's proof that Techno loves his brother, and he might not be able to express that to him anymore, but it's proof to himself.

With a shaky breath, he manages to clear his eyes enough to read the letter again.

I love you.

And Techno bursts out into tears again.

He forces himself to keep reading.

When I first met you, I thought I'd hate you forever. And now sometimes it feels like my chest will burst because of how much I want to pick you up and tell you how much I love you. It's disgusting, little brothers are disgusting because I want to protect you from the world but I know you can take on the world, and you're stronger than me, but I'd like to go back to when we were kids.

"Me too," Techno whispers through the tears.

He'd do anything for that, for the sleepovers and making fun of Phil and the training and learning how to be a family.

He misses that.

I don't have much else to say, this letter is very unlikely to actually be read, like all the other ones. But if this is the final letter I write, Techno I ask one thing of you, and it might be selfish but...

Take care of everyone, we know they won't survive without me. Be a good older brother to Tommy, you already are. Be kind to Phil. Be kind to yourself, or I will haunt your ass.

Yours, forever,

Wilbur

Techno stares at the words for a few more seconds.

He knows that no one else got that sign-off.

Everyone else got, *'from, Wilbur'* or... *'love, Wilbur.'*

Techno gets this quiet promise of love and care, one that lasts forever.

He looks up at the ceiling like Wilbur is watching him, he hopes he is, some younger, more childish part of himself. A part of him that died a long time ago and was buried with Wilbur.

Techno tries to say something.

Instead, he bursts into tears.

He feels like a kid again, crying for his big brother.

But this time he's not here to tell Techno that he's okay and that it'll be okay and everything will be fine.

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact: Wilbur died not knowing that Tommy was Theseus. So... tina!tommy, might wanna get on that real quick in case Wilbur actually dies. Another fun fact... like most of Tommy's section is canon, I'll rewrite it, but you got CLUES ON THE FUTURE
WOOOOO IG

ANywayyyyyyy hope you all enjoyed, I really enjoyed finding out that Icarus has a brother in the myths and then telling everyone I could about it and I 100% plan to use that in the main fic.

Happy early birthday Toad, I hope you cried a lot, as that is my intention. And anyone else reading can cry too but u were not my intended audience

LIGHTS UP, IT'S TINAAOS KARLNAPITY (pt. 1)

Chapter Summary

“You’re the worst.”

“Bold words from a man who is going to use me as a human heater in the winter.”

“Is that not your only purpose?”

Chapter Notes

have some tinaaos karlnapity, as a treat

because y'all deserve it

Sapnap basically stumbles into Karl’s apartment, it’s the closest one, and he knows Karl won’t mind.

Karl has a pretty small apartment, which is why they’re here the least, but it’s cozy, with warm lighting and candles. There are books in every place possible, a good chunk of them paid for by Quackity and Sapnap, much by Karl’s debate.

“I make more than enough—”

“We make more,” Quackity had argued, and Karl had let it go because he secretly found it endearing. *“Let us do this for you.”*

Karl had relented easily and he now enjoyed getting whatever book he wanted in about two hours because as soon as Karl messaged one of them the *slightest* interest in a book Quackity or Sapnap would run down to the closest bookstore and attempt to find the book.

It was a fun and then if Sapnap was feeling fancy he'd write a note on a random page.

Karl looks up from his spot on the couch, eyes curious as Sapnap stumbles into the room.

A moment of silence.

Then Sapnap basically falls ontop of Karl, and Karl puts his book on the side of the couch, wrapping his arms around Sapnap. They're both quiet for a moment as Sapnap buries his face in the side of Karl's neck.

A few more moments of silence, and Sapnap moves so he's looking up at Karl.

"What happened?" Karl asks gently.

Sapnap doesn't say anything and he just leans against Karl again, it's not comfortable for either of them but Karl seems to know that Sapnap needs this.

Karl brushes some of Sapnap's hair back with one of his hands and Sapnap looks up again. "What happened?" He asks softly, "You don't need to tell me, but if you do then I'll listen."

Sapnap nods, he can feel the lump in his throat. "Uh— I— just," Sapnap shakes his head, "Can we pretend things are normal?" He asks gently, "Just for a bit? Please—"

Karl's face softens and he nods, "Of course."

Sapnap shuffles so he's laying on the couch, his head in Karl's lap as Karl plays with his hair absent-mindedly.

They both watch the TV in a quiet sort of affection, every now and again Sapnap will grab another lolly from the coffee table and hand it to Karl silently. He'll also unwrap it too, because Karl is a bit useless at unwrapping most of them.

It's a bit endearing.

It's not silence, but it's not noise, it's a sort of calmness that comes with really knowing someone. A gentle sort of care.

"Do you have orange juice?" Sapnap asks.

Karl looks down at him, smiling slightly, "Yes, and it even has pulp."

"I love you so much."

"I was going to throw it out."

"I love you significantly less."

"That's just a blatant lie," Karl laughs.

Sapnap sits up, shaking his head a bit to try and get his hair to fall right. It doesn't, and Karl just gives him a soft look, Karl and his gentle looks, it might make Sapnap have a heart-attack before he reaches thirty.

"Stop—" Karl reaches out and Sapnap stops shaking his head, "It looks nice."

"You like my hair all messed up?" Sapnap laughs, before standing up and walking over to the fridge. "You've seen my bedhead, it is not something that anyone needs to see."

Karl just grins innocently, and Sapnap sighs, grabbing the orange juice out of the fridge. It's from last time Sapnap came over, mid-breakdown and Karl agreed that he could keep his orange juice here.

Like moving in but not.

“Can I drink it out of the carton?”

“I'm not drinking it,” Karl laughs, “And Quackity only pretends to like it to annoy me, so go for it.”

So Sapnap chugs the entire carton.

He sets it down on the counter.

Karl looks slightly impressed, but mostly horrified, “I have no idea how you two pulled me,” he gestures at the empty carton on the counter, “You really found yourself a steal with me.”

Sapnap rolls his eyes but decides to play along.

“True,” he says, turning so he's looking fully at Karl, grinning slightly as Karl grins back at him. “I mean who else would put up with my pulp drinking ways, apart from— y'know my other boyfriend.”

Karl gives him a look.

Sapnap gives a grin, it shows complete false innocence. Karl lazily throws a pillow at him, which Sapnap catches with ease.

“You’re the worst.”

“Bold words from a man who is going to use me as a human heater in the winter.”

“Is that not your only purpose?” Karl stands up, walking up to the other side of the counter.
“Being our personal heater?”

“I’d like to think I have slightly more purpose.”

“Like?”

“Opening jars, collecting spiders.”

“You’re terrified of spiders,” Karl adds, “Quackity has to get them all.”

“Don’t spoil my fun.”

“I think I’ve spoiled it.”

“I will not make pasta ever again,” Sarnap threatens and Karl’s mouth falls open.

“You wouldn’t—”

“I would,” Sarnap lies, he’d never.

Karl shakes his head, sighing and turning back around walking towards the couch, somehow he manages to do that dramatically, throwing his hands above his head as he walks away.

He falls onto the couch dramatically and Sapnap just watches him.

A moment of silence.

Then Karl sits up and kinda twists so he's looking at Sapnap, "You're supposed to be giving me attention while I dramatically flop around."

"Am I?" Sapnap asks, he glances at the clock, "Well I'm making dinner, you can keep being dramatic if you wish."

Karl frowns. "But Sap— you have to indulge me."

Sapnap raises an eyebrow.

"Wait no—" Karl stutters before bursting into laughter.

Sapnap turns around and starts on dinner.

Look, he's not the greatest cook but he can make a mean omelette, and luckily for him, Karl and Quackity are even worse at cooking, meaning that he's the one who has to cook. And because Karl gets bored he walks up to the counter and watches him.

"What's up?" Karl asks, "You never cook unprompted."

"I do," Sapnap says, grabbing more eggs out of the fridge. "I—" Sapnap sighs, "Had a fight with George and then Quackity, in that order too."

“Related?”

“No,” Sapnap murmurs, he looks up at Karl, “Quackity wants us to meet his family— we talked about it again and—”

“I know,” Karl reaches across the counter and takes Sapnap’s hand, “What about that is bothering you?”

Sapnap takes a deep breath, “Well— the idea of not hiding anymore freaked me out, then I got over that and we talked about it and— it’s so dumb.”

Karl shakes his head, “If something bothers you, by default it is not dumb, what’s bothering you, I won’t tell Quackity.”

“Quackity has little siblings,” Sapnap murmurs, “He’s the oldest... his family is nice, not perfect— but it’s nice.”

“Sap—”

“I dunno how to do that,” Sapnap whispers, “I don’t have a nice family— I dunno how to talk to someone’s mum and...”

Karl nods, squeezing Sapnap’s hand a bit tighter.

“They’ll love you,” Karl says gently, he moves Sapnap so he’s on the same side of the counter as him, “Because you are charming and very warm,” Karl leans closer, clearly just stealing his warmth, the traitor. “My favourite heater, and you’re a bit dorky and awkward and you’re a bit anxious but you’re also brave and loyal and just kind.”

Sapnap sighs, leaning back against the counter even more.

“Okay,” Karl sighs, “What’s the other thing bothering you, getting anything outta you is like trying to hit a word count on an article.”

“The hero tower— everyone, there’s so much debate and fighting all the time, Theseus— whatever you think about the guy he’s had an impact on everything and everyone, and it’s awful.”

Karl just tilts his head. “Why’s that,” he says gently.

“Because,” Sapnap groans, “There are sides here— and there’s one I believe in, and one that keeps the people I care about safe.”

“Why wouldn’t you side with—”

“You and Quackity,” he says gently, “My actions can really fuck up your life.”

Karl hums, “Well, hypothetically, I’d tell my boyfriend to stop being an idiot and side with what he really believes in.”

“Okay, well hypothetically this smoking hot—”

“Nope.”

“Boyfriend of yours has a civilian boyfriend who is also a huge target on his back, and his other boyfriend is a superhero.”

Karl hums again, clearly thinking. “Well,” Karl says, “I think you need to stop worrying about me in particular.”

“It’s my job to worry.”

“I can fend for myself—”

“You shouldn’t have to,” Sapnap returns.

“But I can,” Karl says gently, “Alright? I can fend for myself. And so can Quackity, and so can you, so please— always side with what you believe in, because that’s sorta the reason we fell in love with you. For *you*. ”

Sapnap clears his throat, “You know what happened to Sparklez?” He asks, “You’re a journalist—”

“Officially he betrayed the heroes and was killed in his first fight. His body has never been identified,” Karl lists off the facts like a shopping list. “Some believe he was killed by the agency, others believe he was put into Pandora’s.”

“That’s what happens to the heroes who speak out,” Sapnap whispers, “And— I have things to lose, things I need to see through— you got tickets for us to go to Canada.”

“I was highly sleep deprived.”

Sapnap just smiles softly, “I can’t lose this,” Sapnap says, “That might make me selfish. But I have things to... look forwards to, I have two amazing boyfriends’ who love me and my contract is going to run out in two years.”

“Then you’re gone.”

“Gone,” Sapnap whispers, “I want to live. And— I can’t do that if what happens to Sparklez happens to me.”

Karl sighs, gently, “Listen to me Sapnap. You want this,” Karl gestures around him. “Sapnap, you have to help them, your friends and the people in the tower and yourself. Don’t be stupid about it, I know you’re not stupid, you won’t be thrown in Pandora’s for believing in a cause.”

Sapnap remains quiet.

Karl sighs, pulling him into a hug.

Sapnap relaxes into the hug, sighing slightly.

“If I die,” Sapnap mutters, “You gotta write an amazing story about my death—”

“I am not using your death to further my career as a journalist.”

“Think of the headlines,” Sapnap grins, “'Hero's Boyfriend Tells All'.”

Karl rolls his eyes, “I’m not making your death a story.”

“Think of all the money you can make!” Sapnap argues, still grinning slightly. This makes Karl roll his eyes, “You’d be loaded, and you and Quackity can mourn my death in a mansion.”

“I’ll consider it,” Karl mutters, before letting go of Sapnap.

Sapnap smiles at Karl's retreating form, a private thing, no one will see it. Sapnap turns around back towards the pan and smiles a bit more.

Being in love is gross as shit.

BADA BING, BADA BOOM, IT'S TINAAOS!KARLNAPITY

(pt. 2)

Chapter Summary

“Aren’t you lactose intolerant?”

“Yes, yes I am,” Quackity nods.

“Wait we’re about to have pizza—”

Chapter Notes

have EVEN MORE karlnapity, this time featuring quackity and pizza

Quackity is sitting on the couch, leaning against the arm rather than the back like a normal person. Karl is also sitting on the couch with his legs crossed underneath him. He’s leaning against Sapnap quietly and it’s nice.

“I just think,” Quackity says, “That there’s no benefit of us being heroes for much longer.”

“It’s your job,” Karl looks at him tiredly, “You’re tied into that contract for a couple more years, leaving early wouldn’t be worth the trouble.”

“It would,” Quackity says softly, before glancing at Sapnap, “Isn’t it getting tiring? All this sneaking around and lying to your friends?”

“George knows,” Sapnap mumbles, “I think— I mean he hasn’t told me that he knows, but he’s George.”

Karl’s mouth falls open.

“And you haven’t told anyone else?” Quackity says slowly.

Sapnap stutters for a few moments before Karl seems to pick up on the fact this is not a conversation they should be having anytime soon.

“No more work talk,” Karl says, “I’m getting pizza, what do you two want?”

“Meat lovers,” Quackity says.

Sapnap starts snickering, which gets him a sharp look from both of them. He laughs a little bit harder and Quackity whacks him in the arm, once, twice, then three times to make the most of it.

Eventually, he stops laughing and asks for a pepperoni pizza. Karl rolls his eyes with nothing but fondness and Sapnap shoots him a large smile.

Karl leaves the room and Quackity looks at him. “Sap—”

“Yeah?”

“I—” Quackity hesitates, “Are you ever worried that they’ll find out... or someone else will find out and target Karl, I know that’s why they have the rules in place to start with and I can’t help but wonder that maybe they were right—”

“They won’t,” Sapnap says gently, “Alright? Karl isn’t incompetent, he has a way to contact us at all times and we’ve been really careful. The only people who know we’ve told.”

Quackity nods, “Just— y’know, I don’t want to lose either of you two and— yeah.”

Sapnap grins, “Aww... Quackity.”

“No don’t do that—”

“Awwwww,” he tilts his head and grins, “You’re being sappy!”

“I am *not* being sappy.”

Karl peeks his head through the door, “Quackity are you being sappy?”

He just sinks down on the couch and Sapnap laughs, throwing his head back as Quackity goes bright red and Karl does the small little smile he does sometimes before walking back into Sapnap’s room.

Another moment of silence and Quackity looks at Sapnap with the soft expression he reserves for only him.

“We could leave,” Quackity says softly, “Run... we could go to America, or England—maybe visit Spain. We have the money— we have the time and Karl has the connections. We could run.”

Sapnap doesn’t respond, only looks at Quackity with a purposely blank face.

“Sap, you’ve told me that you didn’t want to be a hero, you wanted to get away from your mum—”

“Quackity.”

“But come on,” he stands up and holds his hand out to Sapnap.

Sapnap takes it, and he's pulled up onto his feet and Quackity grins at him, his eyes are basically sparkling and he jumps up onto the couch leaving Sapnap standing on the floor.

He raises an eyebrow and crosses his arms.

"Imagine this," Quackity grins, "It's warm and nice and lovely," he grabs Sapnap by the shoulders and sways him from side to side a little. "We're on a beach in Spain, sipping—I dunno whatever people drink in Spain."

"Water?"

Quackity pauses and screws up his nose, "We are not going to Spain just to drink water, it has to be something alcoholic."

"Sure," Sapnap deadpans, "Tell me more about Spain."

"The water is clear," Quackity grins, jumping down off the couch so he's at the same level as Sapnap. "The sand is warm against your back and Karl and I are there because when we leave the heroes tower, we're gonna go everywhere together."

Sapnap raises an eyebrow, "Everywhere?"

"Okay, maybe not everywhere, but still," Quackity waves his hand, "Then maybe— Karl goes off to do some big story because he's a hot shot reporter doing important reporting things. You know, and then we go out to this lovely restaurant and eat lots of fancy food we probably can't afford."

Sapnap looks at Quackity, "Dude—"

“Do not dude me, when I’m talking about our hypothetical date,” Quackity deadpans at him. “Then maybe the next day—” he jumps up onto the coffee table, grinning so wide it looks almost painful. “We go to England.”

“What’s in England?”

Quackity pauses.

“We go to France, they apparently have nice beaches— and scary history things. They have fucking catacombs, that’s so scary— and they have good food and cheese and bread and wine — maybe, and so we spend a week doing nothing. We lounge in a villa and eat cheese for a day straight.”

“Aren’t you lactose intolerant?”

“Yes, yes I am,” Quackity nods.

“Wait we’re about to have pizza—”

“Anyway moving swiftly on from that,” Quackity says, “Maybe we go to Italy—” he jumps from the coffee table onto the arm of the couch and Sapnap spins so he’s still looking Quackity in the eyes.

With great luck and limited skill, Quackity manages to stay upright on the edge of the couch and he grins. “And in Italy, we can recreate scenes from Romeo and Juliet, or we can go to that... bridge thing.”

“Ponte Milvio, that’s in Rome.”

Quackity raises an eyebrow, “You know Italian?”

“Not really.”

“You’re no fun, Karl can speak French.”

“His pronunciation is wrong and we both know it.”

“Shhh,” Quackity grins down at him, “Don’t tell him. Anyway, we do the lock on the bridges
—”

“You get fined,” Sapnap deadpans, “It damages the bridge.”

Quackity just stares at him for a moment, “You are no fun at all.”

“You’ll learn to cope,” Sapnap manages a small smile and Quackity just sighs. He jumps off the edge of the couch and Sapnap catches him so he doesn’t completely screw up his ankles.

Quackity grins at him for that, “Y’know— we could totally recreate that one scene from The Sound of Music.”

“I will do a lot of things for you, but willingly watching a musical is not one.”

“You watched Hamilton with me,” Quackity grins, “And Heathers— in fact, I heard you humming ‘Candy Store’ on patrol a couple of days ago. It would be fun.”

“Get Karl to.”

“Neither of us are strong enough to do the lifts,” he complains, “Also the dance is actually fun, please—”

“Dance with someone else then?” Sarnap grins.

Quackity glares at him. “You are the worst.”

“I am not recreating the dance from The Sound of Music with you.”

“But why.”

“Because I can’t dance.”

“I saw you drunk that one time,” Quackity sits back down on the couch, “You were pulling some pretty good moves, in fact, I still have the video—”

“I fell on my face.”

“But before that you were amazing,” Quackity grins.

Sarnap sighs and sits down next to him, he leans his head against Quackity’s shoulder and Quackity rolls his eyes.

“I wanna go,” Sarnap whispers, and they both know he means it, “I want to go to France and Italy and Spain and I want to live this life with you—”

“I know,” Quackity replies.

“Go to the bridge you can’t pronounce and visit Rome and maybe England if we find something to do there— see the world with you both. Live, be the best versions of ourselves, away from all of this,” he gestures around them. “But—”

Quackity nods, he gets it.

“I can’t leave them, not yet,” Sapnap says, he looks for more words to say, but they all fall dead in his mouth.

“I know,” Quackity says softly, “I know... when you all get out we’ll go. We’ll travel and live and be happy.”

“I am happy,” Sapnap looks up at Quackity, “I am happy, alright? None of that self-critical bullshit where you blame yourself every time I’m upset.”

The door opens and Karl steps out, looking at the pair of them and he smiles, before leaning against the door frame. “Sorry, unexpected call— our pizza should be here in ten minutes, that is enough to get through the rest of this episode.”

Quackity and Sapnap glance at each other, before Sapnap shuffles over, giving room for Karl to sit next to them.

Karl leans against Sapnap, so they’re all a bit like a domino pile, leaning towards Quackity. Neither of them says much while they watch the show.

Quackity makes fun of it, Sapnap makes fun of Quackity and Karl makes fun of both of them while smiling so it doesn’t seem as rude but all of them know it’s just that rude.

Eventually, their pizza shows up, and Sapnap goes to the door.

Thankfully the pizza guy doesn't want to murder them, so Sapnap grabs all three of their pizzas before setting them on the coffee table. Quackity and him all sit on the floor, while Karl sits on the couch.

Sapnap's pizza is good.

Karl's is better.

So Sapnap eats about half of Karl's pizza, which doesn't make Karl overly impressed with him and Sapnap responds by taking another slice.

Then Karl takes Sapnap's pizza.

And it's an amazing night, it's just the three of them laughing and eating pizza while watching some shitty TV show that Sapnap chose. If Sapnap squints enough he can see this happening forever, he can Karl having his stuff on the empty bookshelves and he can see Quackity's plates in the cupboard instead of his own.

He can see a future with these two idiots at his side.

*** scrapped scenes - chapter 37**

Chapter Notes

it's in the title, figure it out idk. more content for y'all ig

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You didn’t even go to high school—”

“Yet, I was going to go to uni,” Techno says evenly, “I passed all the exams to get an actual graduate certificate and applied and I got my acceptance— and then when it came time to ask the higher ups...”

“They said no.”

“Said no,” Techno mutters, “No one wants, a hero who doesn’t want to be there and is desperately looking for a way into another career.”

“What do you want to be?”

Techno laughs, “It’s so dumb— highschool English teacher.”

“That’s not dumb.”

“I like English— and I begrudgingly enjoy teenager’s company,” something on his face sours for a moment, but he manages to shake it off. “So— I was going to be an English teacher, teach teenagers who don’t care about Shakespeare and maybe along the way inspire them to be an anarchist or something—”

“Become the cliché of the liberal English teacher.”

“I will turn those teenagers into hippy-environmentalists who believe in seeking justice for themselves!”

“A crime,” Niki drawls.

They both laugh at that, and Niki focuses her attention back on the skyline, looking at the setting sun and sighing.

“It’s not fair.”

“I’ll look out for them, you know I will.”

“I know,” Niki murmurs, “I trust you. It’s just— not the same, is it? Knowing that choice has been taken away from Aimsey. It feels like most of the hero tower had a choice, but she didn’t because she was... what, leading a protest?”

Techno nods. “Technically it was a riot.”

“Technically you’re a riot,” she mutters.

“Look, you know I don’t agree but from someone else’s point of view Aimsey’s powers, if trained right could potentially match Theseus’s in hand-to-hand combat, and now Theseus is seen as a bigger threat—”

“They’re going to train Aimsey to capture Theseus?” Niki shrieks. “They’re both kids—”

Techno shrugs, “It’s what I’d do.”

“You’d be a sick psychopath.”

“Probably.”

It is about seven on a Tuesday when Techno comes storming into her apartment, Niki puts her papers down and looks up at Techno who is standing by the door breathing heavily. Like he just ran here, which Niki does not doubt.

“Tech?”

“What’s that?” Techno says.

“Tax bullshit,” Niki responds, collecting the papers up into a pile, “Figuring out depreciation on bowls is going to kill me before I turn twenty I swear,” she sighs before turning to look at Techno. “What happened?”

“I need to destroy something.”

“That’s... not an answer,” Niki says carefully, “Who did you argue with?”

“Phil.”

Ah, yup. That’ll do it.

Techno always takes it the worst when Phil argues with him, as their arguments are few and far between. Wilbur and Techno have been arguing over things since Niki can remember, mostly small things, but sometimes they blow up and don’t talk to each other for a couple of weeks.

When Techno and Phil argue it seems that Techno tends to get nastier.

“What did you say?” Niki asks slowly.

“I did say I’d rip off his wings,” Techno mutters, “Not my strongest moment, I will be honest.”

“You said *what* ?”

“I— okay, in my defence, he did call Theseus a freak of nature.”

Niki’s mouth falls open.

“And then I was like ‘*oh, so Theseus is a freak of nature? You must be one too, I can fix that though and I’ll rip off your wings,*’ and he was not too impressed with that.”

Niki stifles a laugh, putting a hand against her mouth as she tries not to laugh because that is a horrible thing to say to anyone—

But it’s fucking hilarious.

Techno shuffles on his feet, “So yeah— he’s not overly impressed with me.”

Niki laughs, rolling her eyes, just a little. “Can not imagine why.”

Floof decides now is the time to make his entrance, he runs from Niki’s room out into the main area, he scrambles against the wooden floor and there’s a thump as he hits into the wall.

Both Techno and her look at the dog.

Chapter End Notes

hi you can tell the exact moment i can tell these scenes won't work because i cut them off completely.

uh.

yeah.

woooo!

tinaaos!twinsduo own my entire heart

Chapter Summary

“You look normal,” Techno says.

His tone is what makes Wilbur look up.

“Huh?” Wilbur asks, voice breaking a little bit.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: mentions of dissociation and some mild panicking at the start

This, this is a gift for my beloved child, Apollo, the youngest of my two beloved adopted children. And one of the sole reasons I gave tina!wilbur a personality, because I used to spend up until like 2am just talking about the funky fella and thinking about his past and relationships with Phil and Techno and Quackity, and some of those conversations were the most fun times of my life.

So Apollo, this one is for you, it has some of the headcanons that you've mentioned (but probably forgotten tbh) and tina!twinsduo who own my entire life, and that again, is partly because of you.

To the rest of you fucks, enjoy a light exploration of how tina!techno and wilbur acted towards each other until about they were 17/18-ish

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur wakes up choking on his own breath again.

This isn't too rare.

He's almost used to it at this point, the feeling of crushing on all sides and the air escaping his lungs in sharp hisses as he realises he has to *do something. Anything.*

Wilbur makes a strangled noise as he leans forwards, his hands reach up to his throat. There's nothing there.

He's okay.

He's okay— he's not there anymore, he's okay.

He's okay, everything is okay. He's okay. It's alright.

He's fine.

Everything is okay, really, everything is okay and fine, and amazing in fact. In fact Wilbur's having an amazing time, he's just decided. He's had a great time, he's having a great time. Yes. He's fine, and okay and—

Pain ripples through his back again and Wilbur nearly sobs at the feeling.

Alright.

Okay.

Things are not okay.

Wilbur swings his legs over the side of his bed, stumbling towards the door, his balance is all off as he scrambles to try and actually *open the damn thing*, instead he manages to hit his shoulder into it, and he swears the door breaks.

Okay. Upstairs.

Next mission.

Get downstairs.

Wilbur stumbles his way down the hallway, praying he doesn't wake up Phil, Phil has enough that he's dealing with, Wilbur doesn't need to fuck with Phil's sleep even more. The nightmares and the panic attacks and—

Phil doesn't need that.

He gets down the stairs, only tripping down the first few stairs.

He's met with a knife flying at his head.

Wilbur barely hesitates before going incorporeal.

The knife wouldn't have hit him either way, and Wilbur winces at the pain when he goes all solid again.

Standing in the kitchen, only lit by the light of the opened fridge, stands a wild Technoblade. Who does not seem happy with Wilbur's general existence at the best of times, and this is not the best of times for sure.

“Wil.” Techno says, tone sharp.

“Techno,” Wilbur tries to respond in the same tone, but his heart just... isn’t in it.

That seems to make Techno pause for a second, “What’s got your feathers ruffled?”

“Not funny,” Wilbur mutters, and this time he has a bit more bite in it.

Techno shrugs, reaching for an apple in the fridge and taking a loud bite out of it. “Why are you being all—” Techno waves a hand in front of his face, “Wilbur-y? Are you disassociating?”

Wilbur laughs, “That’s what you’d be fucking concerned about. No, I am perfectly fucking aware of my surroundings and emotions, and both of them suck. Now move it pig-head.”

Techno gives him a look. “Is *that* really the best insult you can do?”

Wilbur glares at him, “Look,” Wilbur snaps. “I am having a *really really* bad night, and I need my medication and something to drink.”

“Tap’s over there,” Techno responds with a grin.

Wilbur hates him. He’s decided.

“Dude, I can’t fucking drink water and have my meds, we know it fucks with it—”

Techno tilts his head at him, before shrugging, “Sure,” he says, before stepping to the side. He presents the fridge with a flourish, actually bowing down.

Wilbur might throw him into another room.

Techno isn't very physically strong, all of his strength comes in his powers, the fact that he can control your limbs or make blood burst out of a limb of yours. He's getting physically stronger, but Wilbur reckons if he had the element of surprise he could—

Wilbur grabs the apple juice out of the fridge, because his stomach hates him and tries to explode whenever he has anything slightly acidic, but *no, he's not allergic to citrus*. Despite what Phil and Techno and Quackity and George and— literally all of Wilbur's friends are saying.

He turns around, before heading towards the counter, there's a bunch of various medications that Wilbur's supposed to be having. Most of it trial things, most of it Wilbur doesn't have even if he should.

Some of it's Phil's, some of it's Techno's and about half of it is just painkillers of various strengths.

Wilbur grabs the ones he knows that work, and pops three of them out of the blister pack.

“You're only supposed to have two.”

“It's a bad night,” Wilbur murmurs, putting them all in his mouth, “The doctor said I can take four if it's bad.”

Techno watches him for a long moment. “Well, then it must be really bad.”

The pain in Wilbur's back seems to agree with Techno, the phantom crushing on his chest also agrees, as does the taste of concrete on his tongue and the lingering feeling that no one was coming to save him.

Wilbur tries to ignore it, he ignores the weight on his shoulders and takes a swig of the apple juice, straight from the bottle.

Techno must be feeling nice today, because he doesn't say anything.

Wilbur puts it down and sighs, leaning back against the counter.

He closes his eyes and tilts his head up towards the ceiling, and for a moment he just breathes. In and out, keeping his breath even and trying to ignore the taste of concrete dust in his mouth.

"You look normal," Techno says.

His tone is what makes Wilbur look up.

"Huh?" Wilbur asks, voice breaking a little bit.

Techno is looking at him like he's some sort of ghost, and Wilbur feels like a bit of a ghost, standing in the kitchen where he *knows* they spent time together. He knows that important things happened here.

He can't remember most of them.

A few snippets, a bit of laughter, if he's lucky.

Something about baking... neither of them can bake, he thinks.

"You look—" Techno's voice breaks, the first real emotion of the nice coming through in his voice. "Like before," Techno eventually manages.

“All of it?”

Techno nods.

Wilbur scowls for a moment, holding the cold glass against his chest. He’s always warmer than the glass, he’s always... so, so cold. He’s always been cold, and he’s never been able to warm up.

With a deep breath, Wilbur straightens up.

“I’m not,” Wilbur says, and he wants that realisation to *hurt* Techno, he needs someone else to hurt with him. Everyone around him seems fine, and Wilbur isn’t fine and he’s sick of everyone else being fine. “Whoever that was... he died under that building.”

Techno looks at him for a long moment, head tilted slightly. “He didn’t,” Techno says, only quietly, Wilbur barely hears him. Techno looks at him for a longer moment, really looking at him. “You just... seem more tired.”

“I’m not the same.”

“No,” Techno relents, still staring at Wilbur with his gaze, there’s something heavy in his eyes and Wilbur... Wilbur doesn’t know what exactly it is, he won’t know what it is for a long time. “But you’re not— completely different.”

“I don’t play the guitar, I don’t laugh anymore, I don’t remember anything, Techno. You keep trying to make me remember, and I just— I just can’t! The last thing I remember is that we were *close* and then when I suddenly— snap back from whatever it was—”

“Disassociation.” Techno deadpans.

“And then we were closer than anything,” Wilbur huffs back.

Techno nods, “Mhmm. I am aware.”

“I’m not the same person,” Wilbur snaps.

A long moment of silence from Techno, “Maybe not,” he replies casually, “But you’re still my brother.”

“I thought you hated me?” Wilbur replies, “You’ve said that enough.”

Techno stares at him for a few moments, considering this, and hesitating for a moment. Techno takes a final bite out of his apple, before throwing it into the bin and turning around.

He turns around, walks up the stairs and leaves Wilbur standing in the kitchen, somehow more confused than he was when he first entered the kitchen. He watches as Techno leaves, he pauses on the top step for a few moments.

Then Techno turns around like he’s going to say something.

“What?” Wilbur snaps.

Techno opens his mouth and closes it again. “Night, Wilbur.”

Then he leaves for his bedroom.

And Wilbur is left there, staring at the closed door, and... so, so incredibly confused.

Chapter End Notes

WOOOOOOOOOO, TINAAOS!TWINSDUO

this was supposed to be fluff, but then i remembered that wilbur and techno didn't get along for a couple of years after The Incident. Hopefully I ALSO have some sorta fluff thing I'll be publishing, but I am very busy with many things.

*** Tubbo & Tommy Argument [FIRST DRAFT]**

Chapter Notes

this is the first draft from chapter 38

it has changed rather significantly from then. uh... so yeah!

Then the door opens.

It's not Purpled, Tommy knows his footsteps. It's not Techno because the footsteps also aren't right, so that means it's someone here to hurt him or something else he doesn't want to think about.

Tommy sits up, hugging the blanket around his shoulders as he listens.

It's Tubbo's footsteps.

Tommy still recognises them, his best friend's footsteps— well ex-best friend, it's a bit complicated still. Tommy still has no clue where he stands with Tubbo.

Tommy manages to get out of bed, which is a big move, before walking near the door. He opens it and spies out on Tubbo, who is standing in the living room.

"Tommy," Tubbo says, "Uh— hi," he gives an awkward smile and raises his hand to wave, before putting it back down again. "You look like shit—"

"Could say the fuckin' same to you," Tommy snaps.

Which is a lie, Tubbo looks the best he has since he had a firework shot in his face. It looks like he's actually slept and it's healing well. He actually has smile lines on the corner of his eyes, and his hair is no longer covering his eyes.

Tubbo reaches up for the scar on his face, almost subconsciously before laughing a little at that, he nods and takes a few steps back.

"Uh... I'm moving out," Tubbo says. "And I need to talk to you about something kinda important as well— I haven't been honest with you but— I'll explain that later, I guess. I just kinda need to get all my thoughts out at once, y'know?"

Tommy just looks at him.

"I— yeah, moving out," Tubbo says slowly, nodding his head. "Sorry for being so shitty over the past month and I know this doesn't make up for it like— at all," Tubbo looks down at the floor, "But I realised that I was hurting you, and— that's not the kinda person I want to be."

"Okay," Tommy says weakly, "Where are you moving to?"

"Schlatt's," Tubbo says, "Yeah we got back in contact again and— he kinda told me I was being a complete dickhead, which is true. So now I'm here to— grab some of my stuff. And Ranboo's— apparently."

"Cool," Tommy mutters, "Take what you want."

Tubbo pauses, looking at Tommy for a moment. "Tommy are you— what's happening with you?"

"Huh?"

"You're—" Tubbo tilts his head at Tommy, apparently unsure of what to say, "Worrying me."

"I think you lost the right to worry over me a long fuckin' time ago," Tommy snaps, and he feels the anger rising up in him before he can stop it. "I think you lost that right when you— I dunno pushed me away— refused to talk to me— punched me in the face!"

"The last one was an accident—"

"Oh!" Tommy throws his arms up in the air, "That makes everything you did to me alright then!" Tommy yells, "Rather than making you a piece of shit asshole who lashed out on one of the only people who actually fucking cared about him—"

"Isn't that what you're doing right now—"

"Shut the fuck up!" Tommy yells, looking at Tubbo. "Shut the actual fuck up. Where the fuck were you? When any of the shit in my life blew up, pretty fucking literally as well. You weren't there for me!"

"I—" Tubbo takes a few steps backwards, "Tommy, I'm sorry—"

"I needed you!" Tommy yells.

Then the silence that settles around them is one that might haunt him.

"I needed you," Tommy repeats, voice smaller this time, and he can't even try to make eye contact with Tubbo because he just... can't do this anymore. It's too much all the time and he shouldn't have to deal with this. "There, the big, grand secret— I needed you and you weren't there."

"I didn't think— you wanted me there," Tubbo says slowly, "I still don't think you do— I think you want the idea of what we were six months ago to be by your side. Tommy, we

aren't the same people— yes you are— were— I'm not sure, one of my closest friends but— we've changed."

"You've changed."

Tubbo laughs, shaking his head, "We've both changed— I fucking saw what happened at the library. You're— I think you're angrier now, and I realise with hindsight I didn't help with that and I'm sorry—"

"Stop fucking apologising!" Tommy yells, "You don't get to— you don't get that privilege." He walks towards Tubbo, and both of them pretend that Tubbo doesn't flinch back as he almost falls over his own two feet.

"Tommy—"

"You fucking don't get to walk out of my life and come back whenever it's convenient for you!" He screams, "You know how many times that happens, and every time I think— hey maybe this person won't do that. And then they fucking do!"

Tubbo flinches back, "Calm down—"

"No, I fucking will not calm down!" Tommy yells, "You have been shitty to me for— at least a month, probably way longer. And you can't just say one apology and think you can make up for it, you piece of shit!"

Tubbo takes a deep breath, before apparently deciding to stand his ground. "I know, Tommy, I just didn't want to dip without saying anything. I know that's happened before and—"

Tommy shakes his head, "No, no, you do not get to say shit about my past, fully knowing you won't be around for my future. You don't— get to do that."

Tubbo looks at him for a long moment, tilting his head slightly. "Okay," he says, taking a deep breath, "I don't, you're right. I'm just— going to grab some stuff." He turns around and walks off in the direction of his room.

Tommy glares at him.

"You're a shit friend," Tommy snaps.

Tubbo pauses mid-step, he doesn't turn around to look at Tommy. "Didn't you just beat up Wilbur and Fundy?" He asks.

Tommy's breath catches itself in his throat.

"That's— you don't know the full story."

Tubbo shrugs, "Doesn't matter, don't think I'm the only shit friend here," he walks over to Tommy, almost casually, his hands are in his pockets and he's smiling slightly. "I mean I could talk about Techno and the warehouse shit because we all know something went on there— and then Techno was becoming a piglin hybrid so—" He shrugs. "Both of us hurt people, Tommy, it just kinda seems to be what we do."

"I never— I never mean to."

"Neither do I," Tubbo replies easily, he shrugs, "So here we are, I guess. Two kids who keep hurting people around them."

Tommy stares at Tubbo.

"You walk in here," Tommy mutters, "Like you can make any judgments on me as a person? Like you're also not angry and destructive and—"

"I got help," Tubbo snaps, his glare withering, "And I guess that is where the difference lies, Tommy, I'm getting help. I'm removing myself from the environments that made it easy to hurt the people I care about— and you sit here on some sort of fucking moral high horse when you have done worse things than me!"

"I haven't—"

"You've killed three people," Tubbo deadpans, "Uh— you hurt Wilbur and Fundy, pretty bad, and I've seen the footage, you could've run. We both know it."

Tommy clenches his jaw.

"And what is my big, bad, evil?" Tubbo asks, "As far as you know, being a bit mean to you —"

"You were not a bit mean."

"In comparison to severely, physically hurting both of your friends," Tubbo yells, "It's pretty fucking tame."

"You punched me!"

"I didn't mean to," Tubbo says, "And if that reason is good enough for you to defend some of your actions, why isn't it good enough to defend mine? You're a fucking walking hypocrite Thomas *Underscore* ."

"You bastard," Tommy snarls.

Tubbo nods, "Yeah— a little bit— I am being a complete and utter dick right now." He looks at Tommy, "Are you gonna— explode me with your mind or something? Break one of my ribs, kick me out the window— respond in violence, the only way you know?"

Tommy moves before he can think about it.

He grabs Tubbo by the front of his t-shirt

Then he shoves Tubbo into the wall.

Tubbo's not laughing anymore.

Instead, he's staring at Tommy with wide— and fucking terrified eyes.

Tommy immediately lets him go and stumbles backwards.

Tubbo doesn't say anything, just looking at him.

"I—"

Tubbo glares at him, and this time Tommy knows he deserves it.

"I'm getting my shit, fuck you," Tubbo snaps, "Fucking— you're dangerous to yourself and everyone you touch," Tubbo snaps and Tommy pretends the words don't hurt. "You ruin everything you touch, maybe— in all your relationships falling apart— you're the issue."

"You asshole!"

"You're the common denominator!" Tubbo yells back, "Maybe for once in your life consider that you're the fucking problem! Because— kinda seems like it."

"You can't just— say that."

"And you can't just shove all your friends and try to intimidate them when you're being a dickhead!" Tubbo yells, "Yeah, I'm being a dick, but at least I'm fucking aware of it! Yeah— I ruin most people I talk to, and most friends I make. I ruin it somehow! But you just live in a cloud of ignorance because you can't admit you're exactly like your father."

Tommy stares at him, mouth open.

Tubbo also realises that probably wasn't the move, because his eyes go wide and his mouth opens. "I don't mean that," he says, "I— you're not him."

"You asshole," Tommy snaps.

"We get it," Tubbo sighs, "I'm an asshole, you're dickhead— we're both bad people and we're both teenagers and those things go hand-in-fucking-hand. I came here to apologise and now I'm realising that it probably wasn't worth that effort."

Tommy nods, "Yeah. Probably wasn't."

Tubbo nods, "I'm still getting my shit. You can— fuck off, or whatever you want, I don't care anymore."

"Good." Tommy snaps.

Tubbo pauses for a second, "I'm glad we met—" he says, "Even if... well it appears to be ending like this," he gives a sad smile. "Sorry for being a dick, not sorry for yelling at you in general, I am sorry about saying you're like your dad because you're not. If you get any mail

or shit addressed to me, just send it to Schlatt or throw it out. You can open it or whatever, I don't care."

Tommy just nods. "Okay."

Tubbo gives a sad smile.

"I'm glad I fed the two street rats who called themselves Ranboo and Tubbo," Tommy mutters, although his heart isn't quite in it— they both know that he means it, however. "I'm also glad you're fucking right out of my life and never coming back."

"Me fucking too," Tubbo mutters.

And Tommy turns around, closing the door behind him. Before sitting back on his bed.

He can hear Tubbo walking around, and then chucking things into a garbage bag, Tommy doesn't know if he's throwing anything out or keeping it.

But he doesn't care either way.

What Tubbo does with his stuff doesn't concern Tommy. He stopped caring a long time ago.

He lays back down, like a starfish, staring up at the ceiling without saying anything, just silence.

Tubbo keeps moving in the other rooms and Tommy just stares up at the ceiling.

It's a sort of emptiness he can't describe, that settles in his gut as he stares at the ceiling.

Is that the closure he was looking for? For so long, is that what he wanted? For three years of friendship with... Tubbo just ended like that. Like it never mattered to start with?

Tommy wants to cry, he thinks. He wants to cry a lot.

They share a last name, and Tommy made the conscious decision to adopt Tubbo's last name. He could've been fucking Ines, if he wanted. But he wanted them to have the same last name and Tubbo wanted the same thing and... they've both lost that.

He looks back down at the netherite around his wrist, still suppressing his powers. What would he have done if he didn't have these? Would he have hurt Tubbo— really hurt him? The type of hurt someone can't come back from?

Maybe he shouldn't take this off.

It's only helping suppress his powers a little bit. If he really tried he could use his powers—

He doesn't want to.

Tommy keeps his eyes on the ceiling, eyes filling with tears.

He doesn't know how he expected this to go, of course, there was going to be yelling and people who didn't forgive each other. Because that was a rule of life, people did not forgive each other easily.

And as he's staring up at the ceiling, Tommy finds his eyes filled with tears.

He doesn't know why.

It doesn't make sense, he doesn't want to have to talk to Tubbo again, and Tubbo doesn't want to talk to him and they're both okay with that.

But—

That doesn't stop the tears.

He misses when things were simple—

He misses before the tower, before Techno and Wilbur and everything else in that cursed building. He misses when it was Ranboo, Tubbo and Tommy against the world.

He misses that with everything he has, and then a little bit more.

It eats away at him, the longing for something simple again, for something that he understands, and holy shit, he does not understand what is happening to him now.

Nothing makes sense, he's losing everyone that was ever important to him and Tommy... he just wants— needs it all to stop. He needed it to stop what feels like lifetimes ago.

He's just— tired.

That's... the only words he has for whatever this is, the pain that resides in his chest and the way that he doesn't want to speak to anyone again. He wants to fall asleep, he wants to cry, he wants to get off his bed and hug Tubbo, despite everything, Tubbo still matters and he hates that thought a little bit.

There's a knock on the door, his bedroom door.

Tubbo sighs from the other side, "Just— stay safe, Tommy. The world is getting confusing. I wish you the best."

Instead, he lies on the bed. Not moving, barely thinking.

And then Tubbo leaves.

the dynamic trio is less than dynamic or a trio

Chapter Summary

“I feel like she’s mad at us,” Wilbur says, ever observant.

“Wil, you’re bad at social cues, but this is a whole new level. Yes, they’re mad at us.”

Chapter Notes

Warnings: uh there's some mild threats of violence and some very light violence

also techno says he's torn out people's flesh with his teeth, idk what that counts as but it feels like some kinda warning is needed

DISCLAIMER: wilbur, techno and eret are 14 here (techno might be 13 but i can't be fucked to check the maths)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“School seems like a skill issue,” Techno says holding his ice cream.

Both Eret and Wilbur look up at him.

Techno shrugs, focusing back on his ice cream, “What can algebra teach ya that gettin’ punched in the face can’t.”

“Algebra?” Eret says slowly, “Pretty sure— getting punched in the face will not teach you algebra.”

“Maybe it will,” Wilbur says brightly, he stands up before walking towards Techno and standing in front of him. “I need you to punch me *really* hard in the face.”

Techno grins, “Yeah?”

“No!” Eret says, putting their book on the floor and walking over, “Techno, do not punch Wilbur— Wilbur you are not going to learn algebra by having Techno *punch you* .”

“Don’t worry,” Techno says, “I’ll punch the algebra into ya, best way of learnin’ things is what I was taught.”

“You grew up in a fighting ring?” Eret says, “I do not think you learn much of anything that applies to normal society in a fighting ring.”

Wilbur sighs, “You’re no fun Eret, some light punching never hurts.”

“We have sparred enough that we both know that’s not true,” Eret responds with the grin that they’re all used to, a mix of mischief and general ability to rock someone’s shit. Personally, Techno finds it impressive.

That’s why they’re friends after all.

Techno doesn’t take anyone’s shit, Eret gives shit and Wilbur... takes a lot of shit.

Both Eret and Wilbur go back to their homework, as Techno eats the ice cream that he *thinks* Eret bought for him out of the need to keep Techno quiet, which Techno respects and also he wants ice cream.

Win, win.

Wilbur hums, tapping his pencil against his exercise book. “Why do we keep hanging out in a warehouse? Phil has a perfectly nice house with desks, and lots of ice cream. Instead, we sit

in a dirty warehouse.”

“It’s clean,” Techno says, “Also, Phil can’t monitor us here... he’s too overbearing and shit.”

“Phil likes both of you,” Wilbur says, propping his head up with his hand and looking at Techno who’s on the only chair because... his whole prosthetic makes things annoying to get up and down. “Phil probably likes Eret more than me.”

“Phil adores you,” Eret says, “But perhaps I am the favourite child. Accomplished at school, a vigilante, it feels reasonable that I’m the favourite.”

Wilbur throws a pencil at Eret.

“Puh-lease,” Techno crosses his arms, “I have a tragic, tragic backstory that can excuse all my terrible wrongdoings. Isn’t that spectacular?”

“Didn’t know you knew words that big,” Eret mutters.

“That feels classist.”

Eret looks at Techno, Techno can’t see the exact expression behind their sunglasses, but Techno is pretty sure her face is screwed up into a confused expression.

“I’m also from Logstedchire?”

Techno considers this for a moment, before shrugging and deciding to use the top of Wilbur’s head as a footrest, Wilbur is a surprising good sport about this, and lets Techno as Wilbur attempts to do his homework.

The only noise is the scribbling of the pens and scratching of pens, along with exasperated sighs from Wilbur who's never been super good at maths and moments where Eret asks if Wilbur needs help with maths.

Techno enjoys his time, using Wilbur's head as a footrest and watching a bird out the window.

The window on the warehouse is broken, having had a stone or something thrown through it. Like most of the abandoned warehouses on this side it tends to become a teenager's partying ideal world, which explains all the weird things they find around here.

Right now, Techno's focused on the bird hopping around outside the window.

"Eret," Wilbur says in his complaining voice, "Can you come check this problem, it's the wrong answer."

"Have you gone through it?"

"No."

"Go through it yourself."

"I don't *wanna* ."

It's quiet as Wilbur goes through the problem, before he makes a noise to himself and keeps writing.

After what feels like way too long, Eret and Wilbur both finish their maths homework, then Wilbur looks at the watch on his wrist, thankfully not an expensive one considering how banged up it is.

“Phil will want us home,” Wilbur says, “Well, me...”

“I’ll stay over,” Techno says, swinging his leg so that he’s no longer using Wilbur’s head as a foot rest, “Is the bedroom for me still set up?”

“Of course.” Wilbur stands up, “Alright— let’s go.”

All three of them stand up, packing up their various things before heading to the door of the warehouse.

Techno grabs Eret by the arm, and Eret jumps, turning around and looking at Techno with a confused expression.

They both pause for a moment, as Wilbur walks ahead, and then Techno turns to look at Eret.

“Are you doing alright?” Techno asks.

Eret breaks his arm free, twisting up his mouth. “What?”

“Are you alright?” Techno says, “Where have you been living?”

“That’s none of your business.”

“It is, you’re my friend.” Techno says, looking at their sunglasses, trying to emulate eye contact without... actually being frozen in place. “And you’re a vigilante, and you helped me out more times than I can count. Phil—”

“I do not need to live with Phil,” Eret says, taking a step back, “I do not need to be one of his charity cases the way that you and Wilbur are? I am not some child to be fixed and then discarded.”

Techno sighs, “Look— I still dunno how I feel about Phil, but Wilbur trusts him and I trust Wilbur— if you need somewhere to stay, Phil is as good as anyone. He doesn’t ask too many questions— it would only be a bit then you can get your own apartment.”

“Two years,” Eret says, “That is not a *bit* . I don’t need your sympathy Techno, worry about your own financial situation when Phil kicks you out to the street like the rat you’ve always been.”

Techno doesn’t hesitate.

He never does.

Before swinging and hitting Eret across the face, Eret’s head snaps back and Techno takes that moment of hesitation to kick him in the stomach and they go sliding across the floor.

“Fuck you!” Techno yells, ignoring Chat screaming for blood, the way that they tend to do. “You don’t get to speak down to me just because someone fucking cares about me.”

Eret looks up, wiping blood from the side of his mouth.

“The fuck?” Wilbur says, apparently having come back in after hearing shouting, “Why are you yellin’ at Eret.”

“Eret’s bein’ a fuckin’ asshole, so I fuckin’ clobbered him.”

“I don’t know what clobbered means...” Wilbur manages taking a few steps forwards before moving in between Eret and Techno, “But it sounds mildly painful, so can we please stop the

clobbering?”

“He’s violent,” Eret spits out, getting on their feet and flattening the bottom of their shirt. “Always has been— should have seen the shit he did as a vigilante.”

“Oh, you fuckin’ wanna see the shit I did as a vigilante?” Techno snaps, stepping forwards and raising an arm.

Wilbur catches his wrist, “No freaky blood-bender stuff.”

“You haven’t even fuckin’ watched Avatar,” Techno snaps, yanking his wrist back and Wilbur drops his grip, staring at Wilbur.

Eret just watches them.

Techno flips her off.

Eret has more grace than Techno ever have, because they just watch Techno.

Thankfully, Chat has not won this time or Eret would not have been left standing, and instead Wilbur has a hand against Techno’s shoulder, ready to start pushing if Techno started a fight.

“You need to learn to control your temper,” Eret says, “It has already gotten you in trouble, and it will continue to get you in trouble. Eventually, you will not be able to outrun the trouble Techno. Something will come back to bite you.”

“I’ll bite it back,” Techno returns, “I’ve ripped off chunks of flesh with my teeth before. Tastes salty.”

“That’s just not true,” Wilbur says.

“Salty or that Techno’s ripped off chunks of flesh with his teeth?” Eret says, taking a step forwards.

Wilbur reaches out so his other hand is pushing against Eret’s shoulder.

“Techno,” Wilbur says, “Eret stop antagonising him, Techno stop being antagonised, how the fuck did you two work together for— well only a couple months, but still you worked together and everyone was fucking terrified of you.”

“Yeah, and now Eret thinks I’m soft because I’m lettin’ other people take care of me,” Techno returns. “And Eret is refusing help when they clearly need it, I’m willin’ to bet all my life savings—”

“About three dollars.”

“That Eret has been livin’ here for the last while.”

Wilbur stares between Eret and Techno, before dropping his arms and just staring at Eret, “Is that true?”

Eret frowns, “That does not concern you.”

“Reckon it does,” Wilbur returns, “You’re our friend— you can just... stay with us for a while, something like that, until you’re on your feet. We have spare rooms— Phil probably won’t mind too much he adores you.”

Eret takes a step back, shaking his head.

“Eret,” Wilbur whispers, “You have nothing to lose from this—”

“I’m not becoming a hero!” Eret yells, before pointing a finger at Techno, “I’m not dealing with what he dealt with, I’ve seen that. I’ve seen how that ruined Techno, I am not letting you, and your *stupid* hero family drag me into whatever you’re messed up in.”

“The heroes aren’t that bad—” Wilbur tries.

“Not the time,” Techno whispers back.

And Techno sees it before Wilbur can.

Eret reaches for their sunglasses.

Without thinking Techno has an arm up, and is controlling the blood in Eret’s arm.

He swings the arm back down to Eret’s side.

Neither of them say anything, but Techno doesn’t let go of his control of Eret’s arm, they all just stare at each other, Wilbur with wide confused eyes, and Eret with his mouth slightly open.

“No,” Techno says.

“You promised me— that you wouldn’t use your powers on me,” Eret manages, looking down at their arm. “I promised I wouldn’t use them on you.”

Techno glances at Wilbur, “You were going to use them on him. You can deny it, I saw your head twitch in his direction. What’s in your hand Eret?”

“Pardon?”

“What’s in your hand,” Techno says voice even, “Just tell us, don’t make me force you.”

Eret stares at them.

Techno drops the control over Eret’s arm, taking a few steps backwards so he’s slightly in front of Wilbur.

“Fuck this,” Eret snaps.

Then they walk out, shoulder checking Techno along the way, and Techno almost goes to hit them across the back of the head, but Wilbur grabs his arm before Techno can even think of doing that.

The warehouse is quiet as Eret walks out, just distant footsteps slowly dissolving into an uneasy silence around them.

Techno and Wilbur are left standing there.

“I feel like she’s mad at us,” Wilbur says, ever observant.

“Wil, you’re bad at social cues, but this is a whole new level. Yes, they’re mad at us.”

“Oh.”

Techno facepalms.

“I don’t trust them,” Techno says, turning around and squinting at the doorframe.

Wilbur makes a noise, “How can you say that? They’re one of our best friends, you worked with them as Wither, you were both unstoppable.”

Techno just frowns, “People do odd things for money, Wilbur. Don’t hang out with Eret alone.”

“The fuck can *Eret* do to me?”

Techno shrugs, “Personally, I’d rather not find out.”

Chapter End Notes

this one is canon boiz!

and for the more acts readers who may not have twitter and/or discord, i am PLANNING on an update next weekend (the 3rd-5th of Feb)

* DELETED TINAAOS CHAPTER 39 SCENES

Chapter Notes

Warnings: (for the last section) hair pulling, anxiety attack

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Don’t fucking try to push me down the stairs,” Tommy says, clearly trying to push Wilbur down the stairs as they walk side by side, jostling each other for no real reason apart from pissing the other one off.

“I’ll push you down the fucking stairs if I wanna push you down the fuckin’ stairs.”

“Sound like a Logstedchire fuck—”

“Why do you hate Logstedchire you wanker—”

“I’ll kill you, I will, I promise you I will—”

Then Tommy is shoved down the stairs.

Because he’s mostly a dramatic fuck he decides that he’s not even going to try and stop this, and he’s going to make Wilbur feel about it *and then tell Phil and Techno*. And they will not be happy and Wilbur will be in trouble!

It’s a perfect plan.

He ragdolls down the last few stairs, rolling like nothing else with several thumps that sound a lot worse than they actually are.

Then he lands at the bottom.

It doesn't hurt, he's taken worse hits.

Wilbur and Tommy stare at each other.

“Don't you fuckin' tell Phil or—”

Tommy is already on his feet, running down the hallway as Wilbur chases after him, “You're fine, you're fine— don't tell Phil I'll get you a McFlurry.”

As tempting as an offer this is, Tommy's need to snitch is greater than his want for a McFlurry.

He skids around the corner, into the kitchen where Phil is standing against a counter, expression pinched and Techno is standing across from him, face completely blank.

Tommy will be promptly ignoring that.

He points a finger at Wilbur as he gasps for breath, “Wilbur fuckin' pushed me down the fuckin' stairs!”

“He let me!”

“I did not!” Tommy shrieks, “Phil, your son pushed me down the stairs, you should yell at him.”

Phil sighs, standing up straight and looking at Wilbur. “Are you bullying a sixteen-year-old?”

Wilbur hums, looking up at the ceiling, “You hear something?”

Tommy shrieks, before throwing himself at Wilbur, he manages to wrap an arm around Wilbur, so he drags both of them onto the kitchen tile.

Apparently, there’s something slightly protective in Wilbur’s brain because he manages to twist them so he takes the brunt of the impact and he wheezes from the air leaving his air as he crashes on the ground.

“Fuckin’— ow,” Wilbur mutters.

“Ratio!” Tommy yells, “Ratio and you’re old and you fell off.”

“The fuck does that *mean* ?” Techno says.

“Next time I’m letting you get hurt,” Wilbur wheezes, pushing Tommy by his head so he flops onto the floor. “Also what does ratio mean—”

“Twitter thing,” Phil says casually, “When a reply out quote retweet gets more likes than the original tweet—”

Tommy pauses, looking up at Phil, “Why do you know what a ratio is?”

“I am surrounded by teenagers,” Phil murmurs, shaking his head slightly, “Also out of Wilbur, Techno and I, I’m the only one who hasn’t had their passwords changed by you. And I am yet to threaten to kill a president *or* get cancelled.”

“I can change one of those,” Tommy adds.

Techno pauses for a second, “I can probably change the other.”

“And I know which is which!” Wilbur adds, apparently wanting to be included, “And the answer may shock you.”

Phil laughs, which is something Tommy’s forgotten he can do. “Oh, is that right?” he says, “So Tommy would get me to kill a president and Techno would cancel me?”

“Yup!” Wilbur says brightly, wrapping one arm around Tommy’s shoulders and pulling him close, and Tommy doesn’t fight away. He wraps his other arm around Techno’s leg, who looks tired. “My baby brothers.”

“No,” Techno says.

“So small.”

“You’re a couple of months older than me.”

“Just a little guy.”

“Wilbur I am having a growth spurt and will probably gain more muscle due to hybrid traits.”

“My baby brother!” Wilbur coos.

“Wilbur—” Techno sighs, “I— no.”

“I remember when you were so small!” Wilbur says grinning, “You were as big as a— keyboard.”

“Wilbur you would have been like six months old when I was born.”

Wilbur seems to consider this for a moment, “I remember it like it was yesterday.”

Techno sighs, before kicking Wilbur in the side.

Wilbur must have stronger ribs than he lets on because he doesn’t even falter, he winces a little before grinning at Techno. “My baby, baby little brother.”

“Wilbur, I am six months younger than you.”

“Decades of time.”

“Oh,” someone says, and Tommy looks up.

It’s Aimsey.

The person from the mural.

They both stare at each other for a moment, and Tommy manages to point at Aimsey, and Aimsey points back at him.

“You’re Thomas Underscore?”

“How the fuck do you know anyone here?”

Aimsey looks offended for a moment, and she sighs, rolling her eyes, “I worked for Niki—it’s a long story, I’m a hero trainee now.”

They both stare at each other.

“And you told me that you were going to—”

“Well, I didn’t think I’d see you again!” Aimsey hisses, clapping his hand over Tommy’s mouth and looking around, “L’Manberg is a huge place— I didn’t fucking think I’d run into some kid from Logstedchire again.”

Tommy licks Aimsey’s hand, who yelps and draws it away.

“I work for the heroes—”

“Yeah, so do I, motherfucker,” Aimsey whisper-yells back, looking over their shoulder again and sighing. “Well, officially this is supposed to be our first meeting, so nice to meet you, I’m Aimsey Teese and I am... a hero trainee in L’Manberg.”

“Uh... Thomas Underscore, SBI’s social media manager.”

“Aren’t you the PR manager?” Aimsey asks.

Tommy pauses for a second, “Maybe? I just thought I was social media, but at this point,” Tommy huffs, “Nice to meet you, friend of Niki’s who I have never met before and I will

never meet again.”

Aimsey gives him a look.

Tommy keeps his face deadpanned.

“Niki has so many friends,” Tommy says, screwing up his face and looking at the people around, he doesn’t recognise any of them. The only people he does know are Phil, Wilbur, Techno, Niki and now Aimsey. “It’s a bit overwhelming.”

“She knows a lot of people,” Aimsey returns, “But yeah... I don’t even know where most of these people are from, I’m gonna assume hockey or judo?”

“Huh,” Tommy hums, looking over his shoulder and at everyone who’s here, it feels like a lot of people, and Tommy’s... not too big of a fan of it, it’s loud and hot and the music is terrible and everyone’s talking.

Aimsey looks at him.

“Do you wanna... go somewhere that’s not here?” They suggest, “It’s really loud here.”

“Please,” Tommy says, “I fuckin’ hate parties.”

Aimsey grabs onto his arm, and drags him away and then into the kitchen.

“I didn’t— I didn’t mean to,” Tommy says, looking at Phil with wide eyes, “I’ll— I’ll clean it up, I’m sorry, I didn’t— I didn’t mean to me.”

Sometimes Tommy thinks Techno has a super sibling censor because the door swings open and Techno pokes his head in, glancing at everyone in the room and his eyes immediately stop on Tommy.

“Alright,” Techno says, “Aimsey, Phil, Kristin, I’m going to ask you all to get out. Tommy, you’re okay.”

And Tommy *knows* that, he knows he’s fine, he dropped some things, people drop things all the time, something smashed on the floor, that happens. Everyone is fine, and nothing happened and—

He’s still panicking.

He’s still freaking out over dropping a plate and he doesn’t know why.

Techno steps into the room, and the other three basically sprint out, not wanting to deal with this. Techno closes the door behind them and Tommy looks at him with wide eyes.

Why is he freaking out?

He’s fine.

It’s fine— he just fucking dropped something, people drop things all the time—

This is so dumb.

He’s fine.

“It’s alright,” Techno says, making sure to keep his difference and just stare at Tommy who’s across the room. “No one’s mad at you.”

“I don’t— I don’t know why I’m— I’m panicking,” Tommy spits out between laboured breaths, “I don’t— I just dropped something, it’s a plate— Phil has a million of them, why am I freaking out? Why am I—”

Techno takes another step forwards.

“I know— you’re not gonna hurt me,” Tommy manages.

He sinks down against the wall, sitting against the wooden floor and leaning his head against the wall.

Techno approaches a little bit more before also crouching down and looking Tommy in the eyes.

“I know no one’s gonna hurt me, I know— I know that.”

Techno sits down, and Tommy knows how annoying trying to get up with his prosthetic can be, but it doesn’t matter because Tommy’s freaking out and Techno cares about him and this is all very. Ah.

Big ah.

“Alright, I’m guessing this is something with your parents?”

“They’d get so fucking angry,” Tommy says, and he’s not sure if he’s crying but he stares at Techno anyway, “When I’d drop shit— or spill things and I know Phil’s like that because normal fucking people don’t care.”

“Mhmm,” Techno shuffles forwards, “Phil’s not mad with you.”

“I know that!” Tommy yells, “It’s so fucking dumb— I drop a plate and now it feels like I’m about to get the shit beat out of me, but I know no one will do that—”

“That’s literally just trauma,” Techno deadpans, “Tommy, you are describing trauma.”

Tommy’s hands dart up to the sides of his head, fingers tangling with his hair.

Techno shakes his head, grabbing Tommy’s wrists and looking at him, “Don’t pull at your hair.”

“Just— holding.”

“You’re pulling at it,” Techno says evenly, “If you can’t even feel it that’s worse. Let go.”

“I don’t want to.”

“Tommy—”

“I said I don’t fucking want to!” Tommy yells, pushing himself further into the wall and Techno’s expression doesn’t falter.

“Tommy, you’re hurting yourself,” he says, “Please.”

And there’s something in his voice, at the last bit, something more choked up and slightly desperate. Tommy looks at Techno, and Techno grabs his wrists again, untangling his hands

from his hair.

“You’ve done this before,” Tommy mutters.

“I was in a child fighting ring,” Techno deadpans, “Yes, I know how to do this.”

It’s quiet for a few moments, and Techno takes off the necklace around his neck, it’s the SBI one, the one with the green emerald that Techno wears all the time. Normally tucked into his shirt.

He hands it to Tommy, “That’s good for anxiety, you move the emerald part around, or curl it in your hand. It falls kinda nicely.”

Tommy picks it up, it’s heavier than he thought it would be, and he places it up and down in his hand.

Techno doesn’t hesitate before sitting next to him, leaning against the wall.

“I keep fucking crying,” Tommy says, “Over stupid shit. I dropped a slice of pizza— who fucking cares about that? I cried over sausage rolls. What the fuck is wrong with me?”

“The first time I cried after getting out of the ring was— because I burnt my toast too much,” Techno offers, nudging Tommy with his own shoulder and Tommy manages a smile at that. “I could’ve scraped off the burnt bits, like a normal person. Instead, I cried and threw the toast into the bin then kicked a wall.”

“How’d that go?”

“The wall won, remember no strength powers back then.”

Tommy pauses, glancing at Techno. “Do you— do you miss your old powers? The whole blood-bending situation. You— you lost those when you got blued, right? Do you— do you miss it?”

Techno hums, “I’m not sure. Maybe I will, but I hated those powers. I— I had control over them, but Chat was so much louder back then and the thought I could get so annoyed or angry and just— explode someone internally? That was terrifying.”

“Oh.”

“Having control, and knowing that if I hurt someone I could’ve stopped it. I guess that just terrified me, so I didn’t really— use my powers that much. I’d give myself blood noses to get out of things.”

“You did not.”

“Oh, I did,” Techno laughs, “I tried it not that long ago, didn’t work of course but was worth a shot. Next time I might just break my nose on a table.”

“I’ll break your nose on a table.”

“Be quiet.”

“No.”

“Shut up.”

“Also no.”

“You are evil.”

“Yes.”

Techno nudges Tommy to the side again, “I think Wilbur wants to see you.”

“Cringe.”

“Wilbur is a little bit cringe.”

“You’re a little bit cringe.”

“Shut the fuck up.”

Techno stands up, “You good?”

“Fine.”

Techno nods, taking a few steps back, “We’re— doing cake I think. Come down when you’re ready.”

Chapter End Notes

sad i didn't include the aimsey scene looking back, but that's alright i'll just make a MORE iconic re-meeting scene.

tommy will be a FOOL and aimsey will be iconic

but yeah uh. here's the shit that didn't make it in

i rewrote this chapter a bunch of times, and i LOVE the scenes by themselves but it just wasn't working

some sandduo for the soul

Chapter Summary

this is a scrapped scene from the tinaaos!phil centric chapter that is in the works.

yeah i'm working on chapter 42.

shut up.

it's how my brain works.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: talk of medication

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil is painfully aware of the fact that Wilbur is twenty-five years old, and Techno is twenty-four.

He is painfully aware of the fact that neither of them see themselves as kids anymore, and he is painfully aware of the fact that they don't want to be coddled anymore, they both think of themselves as older than they really are.

But Phil has known them both for ten years (at the minimum with Techno) and fifteen years with Wilbur (well over half of Wilbur's life. Easily.) And you tend to learn a lot about a person by spending time with them.

Even more so when you raise them.

So Phil sees that Wilbur is not having his medication before he consciously notes it.

He's explained it to... someone before, maybe Kristin? Phil doesn't talk to a bunch of people these days, but it may have been Puffy at some point. But there's a parent brain and a... normal person's brain.

The parent brain is what would make him wake up when Wilbur was throwing up, or the parent brain was what would reach out to stop a door closing on Wilbur's fingers when he was ten and excited. Or the brain that would pull Techno back from a road that he didn't bother to look both ways on.

And the parent brain says something is wrong.

Phil pauses at that, the thing in the back of his mind pausing as he looks up at Wilbur.

Wilbur's hands are shaking. His shoulders are slumped and he's not skulling his coffee like his entire life depends on it. He doesn't look more tired than usual (he always looks tired, a mix of insomnia and genetics and anxiety and who knows what else does that to someone.) But he isn't drinking his coffee.

Phil hasn't seen him eat much.

And he knows before Wilbur even says anything.

Prime's sake.

"You haven't had your meds."

Wilbur jumps, looking up and at Phil, almost throwing his coffee cup at him, apparently just... not aware of that he was sitting here at the counter this entire time. "Huh? Oh— just for a bit. My doctor said to go off it."

Phil is doubtful of that.

If that were true the first thing Wilbur would have probably done is call Phil, and jump up and down in joy because he fucking *hates* what his meds do to his brain. Phil knows he's had to hold Wilbur while he's cried about it.

"It's not good for you."

"Yeah, they fuck with my brain—"

"To constantly go on and off medication."

Wilbur goes quiet.

"The point *is* that they fuck with your brain, Wil."

"I know."

"I know that you know."

"And I know that you know that I know," Wilbur returns, almost as easily as he would as when he was a kid, he's lost that smirk he had when he'd do that when he was younger though, and Phil tries not to think about it too hard. "Just— I dunno, it's making me all foggy."

"Have you asked to change the dosage?"

"... can you?" Wilbur asks.

“Yeah,” Phil says, because who the fuck is he to deny Wilbur if he needs his help, “Need me to talk to the doctor?”

“I know it’s dumb because I’m twenty-five I can fuckin’ talk to my own doctor— I’ll just do it—”

“Wil,” Phil says, and Wilbur looks at him. “I’ve always said if you need my help for anything just ask— and yes this includes groceries and cooking and doctor’s appointments. I know you hate doctors, I can do it if you’d like. I don’t stop being your dad now that you’re a grown up.”

“I’m twenty-five.”

Sometimes he thinks he raised them to be too independent.

Now is one of those times.

“Alright, how about you give it a shot first? And if you panic last moment, I’ll talk to them.”

“Fine.”

“And then you go to therapy.”

“Keep dreaming, old man.”

“Worth a shot,” Phil says with a grin.

Wilbur rolls his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

this one is canon fellas!

*** Chapter 40 | DELETED SCENES**

Chapter Notes

these are the scraps of a scene i was SUPER excited to do in chapter 40.

however... it dragged down the plot for not much apart from a cool as fuck scene. i wanted to do a car chase but that didn't end up happening. basically this would end with wilbur using his brain (true not clickbait) and driving like someone who has been trained to drive very well (fun fact, hero training covers that. technically all the tinaaos heroes can fly helicopters and drive boats)

anyway. MORE SCRAPPED SCENES

Tommy glances over his shoulder.

That car is really close behind them.

He glances in the rearview mirror, it's not turned so he can see very well, but he can see how close the black car is behind them. Tommy also can't see anyone sitting in the driver's seat because of the tinted windows.

He's not an expert on— jackshit really.

But this is how people die in video games, and he's played a lot of those.

“Uh,” Tommy says quietly, “Wil— are we being tailed?”

Wilbur pulls a face, eyes darting up to the rearview mirror, “Why would we be being tailed, that makes no fucking sense—”

“Well, I don’t know! Maybe because this car is right up your ass.”

“That’s just Upper L’Manberg drivers,” Wilbur glances back to the rearview mirror again.

A moment of silence.

Tommy tries to keep his eyes on the road in front of them.

“Is there a number plate?” Tommy asks.

“Of course, there’s a fucking number plate it’s a car on the road— oh.”

That makes Tommy immediately turn around, looking over his shoulder out the back window.

It doesn’t have a number plate.

He looks at Wilbur with wide eyes, “Wil— are we about to get run off the road?”

“No,” Wilbur says, “We’re in a middle lane.”

“Are we about to get the car flipped or something?” Tommy doesn’t try to hide the panic in his voice, yes he was a vigilante who handled situations that would make grown adults start screaming— but put him in a car, something he has no idea how to function, and an unknown factor and suddenly he’s like a thirteen-year-old.

He doesn’t have his powers either.

Oh. Fuck.

Tommy's eyes find the side of Wilbur's face, "We're not going to die—"

"Tommy," Wilbur snaps and Tommy flinches back, "Sorry, I didn't mean— I'm trying to think. Just— I'm really sorry, just let me try and think."

Tommy goes quiet, bouncing his leg up and down as he glances over his shoulder.

"The safest part of a car is the middle rear," Wilbur mutters, as if he's reciting something from a textbook or training he's had before. "Not near the doors or— Tommy get in the middle rear."

"I'm not climbing over the centre console!"

"You're fucking climbing over the centre console," Wilbur snaps, "We have a black, tinted car without a number plate following us and it seems *really* close to nudging us, you're getting in the safest spot in the car."

"Can't we just pull over?"

"And get shot in the head?" Wilbur replies.

"You can take someone with a gun," Tommy responds, eyes watching Wilbur's face, "I know you can— and—"

"I'm not risking it with you around," Wilbur says, glancing at Tommy and Tommy thinks he's going to explode from the care being shown his way, something concerned on Wilbur's face as he looks at Tommy. "I can keep myself safe from a gun— I'm not risking fighting multiple people with a gun with you around—"

“I can fend for myself, we need to pull over—”

“I am not making you fend for yourself against potentially five, or more, people with guns,” Wilbur snaps and Tommy looks away, “What sorta person does that? There might be five people in that car, maybe more since they’re not fucking concerned with the law. Get in the backseat and keep your head down.”

Tommy pauses for a second, “It feels really unsafe to undo my belt and climb over—”

“Tommy, a car can slam into your side right now,” Wilbur snaps, “The side of a car has no crumple zone, if a car slams into your side you might die— this is an old car it probably doesn’t have the same protections, get in the back, if you die I’m gonna kill you.”

“What about you jackass?”

Wilbur almost smiles at that, “I’m driving the car, can’t exactly hop in the back.”

Tommy pauses for a few moments, before sighing and leaning back against his seat, covering his face with both of his hands. “Please don’t turn or—”

Tommy takes off his seat belt, which first of all seems like a crime. Then he takes a deep breath.

Alright.

He moves, one foot over the centre console onto the ground in the back.

The car jerks, and Tommy grabs onto the headrest behind Wilbur before pushing himself into the back seat.

Wilbur stops the car, breathing a bit heavier than he probably should be.

He turns around to look at Tommy, “You alright kid?”

“You have got to tell someone about that—”

“I’ll see Phil tomorrow,” Wilbur says, “Right now I need to— pass the fuck out. Techno’s not gonna believe me, I don’t believe me—” he pauses, leaning his head against the steering wheel. “Okay. Nothing happened. Just— weird. That’s all.”

Tommy watches Wilbur, “We should probably get inside.”

“Alright,” Wilbur yawns, “I’ll tell Phil tomorrow— uh, are you back at work or not?”

“Uh—” Tommy squints, “I have no clue honestly, I think so? If not I can just walk to the subway, we should probably get inside—”

He glances over his shoulder, to see nothing.

Chapter 42 | DELETED SCENES

Chapter Notes

WELCOME. this was the first few scenes of chapter 42, i then took another direction with it! so have these leftover scenes i couldn't fit in there

maybe soon i'll have a bunch of tina!wilbur snippets i haven't published because LORD KNOWS I HAVE THEM!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil... never wanted to be a father—

Fuck, sometimes he's still not sure if he wants to be.

He left the hero committee at... eighteen. With eight years of service and yes... he fucking wishes he was joking about that. And thought everything was great— went back to uni, studied a bunch of different shit. Psychology, engineering, and chemistry until he settled on engineering and—

Wilbur.

Then Wilbur.

He didn't want Wilbur.

He was twenty-one.

Most twenty-one years olds don't want a kid.

Fewer want to go back to their first job because of said kid.

He's not going to pretend he loved Wilbur on first sight or something, like his world shattered and suddenly his reason for being born made sense. Because he didn't. He barely liked the kid, let alone love him.

But that wasn't Wilbur's fault. It was... it was never his fault.

He's not going to pretend he even liked Wilbur for a couple of months, he didn't. Wilbur was loud and chaotic but he was a kid and kids do those things because they're kids.

But he remembers—he remembers when he thinks he started understanding an inkling of what fatherhood was, what it meant to have someone more important than yourself in your life.

Wilbur fell asleep in the car, he was only eleven— eleven-year-olds do that all the time. Prime's sake, Wilbur still falls asleep in the car and he is a bit older than eleven (just a tad) and... Phil managed to get him out of the car.

Since Wilbur was freakishly tall he didn't need a booster seat, meaning getting him out of the car was always easier because of that.

And for a moment, as Phil tried to adjust to his bearings...

Wilbur grabbed onto his arm.

Asleep, and an action Wilbur wouldn't even know he did in the morning, but he latched around Phil's arm as he quietly snored.

And...

Yeah.

And no, it's not some ground-shattering moment, with Phil finally becoming the perfect father and seeing all the errors of his ways and giving up on all of his dreams and realising that this is why he was here.

But it feels like he's holding the world in his arms, as he carts this sleepy, dumbass of a child to his bedroom filled with stickers and plushies where he looks at maps and talks about history and laughs loudly whenever Phil pulls a funny face.

It feels like he's holding everything precious, and to drop him would shatter both of them.

And he knows at this moment, that he'd do anything for this kid clutched onto his arm.

And if that's not fatherhood— then fucking dammit he has no clue what fatherhood is.

Techno is a fucking problem child.

Phil is not going to deny it to anyone.

Least of all Techno.

That kid. Is a fucking nightmare.

Phil means this, out of nothing but the kindness of his heart but if Techno doesn't make him want to tear his hair out then the sky isn't blue because how does one person manage to be

the most annoying yet endearing person at the same time—

Being punched in the face for the third time in a week probably isn't helping his perspective on things. But Phil thought they had a bonding arc or whatever— so why has this demon, kicking, yelling, child, jumped him in the middle of the street for no reason—

“Can you fuckin’ not?” Phil finally snaps, managing to pick Techno up with surprising ease, the kid is too light, and flinging him onto the concrete next to him. “I’m in my civilian clothes you fuck—”

Techno stares at him, “Oh, hi Phil.”

“I am going to kill you.”

“I’d like to see ya try bird boy.”

“Fuck off,” Phil sighs, “I’m going to lay here on the ground a bit. You can rob me or whatever.”

“Can I?”

“Sure kid, get yourself something nice.”

“I’m robbin’ you,” Techno responds, as Phil hands him his wallet, “Ya don’t get to use your sympathy on me, now can you carry more cash on you? You’re like a quadrillionaire.”

“I’m really not.”

“Eat the rich,” Techno responds absent-mindedly, “How many yachts do you have Phil?”

“None.”

“Private planes.”

“Uh. None?”

“Mansions?”

“I own one house and an apartment.”

“Why the apartment?”

“So I can pass the fuck out after work when I don’t wanna travel home.”

“Don’t you gotta kid?”

“Yes, I gotta kid.”

“Ya leave him at home?” Techno asks, grabbing a bunch of notes out of Phil’s wallet and stuffing them into his back pocket.

There goes Phil’s money.

“No, stop worrying about my parenting.”

“Wouldn’t put it past a hero to be bein’ mean to their kid.”

“Alright,” Phil snaps, sitting up and staring at Techno, “You are not allowed to insult my parenting, okay?”

Techno raises an eyebrow, “Somethin’ hit a nerve?”

Phil... Phil is not as good as a person as some people would like to be. If Techno was his age, rather than a child, he would be slapping the shit out of Techno right now. But since Techno is a child and Phil has some morals...

He does not slap the shit out of a child.

He is only slightly tempted.

Which still probably isn’t good, but it’s a thousand times better than slapping the shit out of a child.

Chapter End Notes

btw, this is what techno was like as a child. i hope you can see why he was immediately endeared to tommy

***various tina!wilbur snippets from over the years**

Chapter Summary

as the title says. various tina!wilbur scenes that are floating about the more acts document (yeah i have one of those)

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS (been a hot minute since i did this)

these snippets feature:

- wilbur's relationships to his meds
- his reaction to chapter 34 (remember when theseus beating the shit out of wilbur was one of his biggest problems)
- a coma dream he had with his younger self (NOT CANON)
- wilbur being a picky eater (as a kid they discuss texture issues)

so things such as: nightmares, medication (and withdrawals from said medication), self-worth and OTHERS come up. so please read this with care (if you are reading it tbh, this is a mess of a snippet dump)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Chapter 34: Wilbur POV (reaction)

Wilbur knows what it's like to be fucking terrified— sometimes it feels like a TV show jumpscared him as a kid and he hasn't stopped being scared since— yes it's the anxiety but still.

This is different.

He stares up at Theseus, with fires in his goggles

Theseus approaches him.

Wilbur is going to die.

He's on his back, he can barely breathe— let alone fight and everything hurts and his wrist must be fucked up beyond belief, his ribs hurt, his nose is bleeding and Theseus is approaching him and—

Wilbur gives up.

He closes his eyes and prays—

He doesn't even believe in any higher power.

He waits for the hit, for his head to snap against the concrete or for his ribs to collapse in on himself but instead—

Rustling and—

“Wil!”

That's Fundy.

And something deep inside of Wilbur, barely even his brain, makes him sit up and look for Fundy, who is running at him for some reason, and throws himself at Wilbur, half tackling him onto the ground.

“Are you okay?” Fundy asks, “What did he do— what? Are you—”

He looks up.

Theseus is standing on the ledge, staring down at Wilbur and Fundy, and every single nerve in Wilbur's body, everything that he's ever had screams at him. Fucking *screams* so he starts running or fighting or probably even crying but...

Theseus turns around and runs.

Wilbur can't breathe.

He can't fucking breathe—

Eret and everything and *oh fuck Eret*. Everything hurts and his chest seems to constrict on itself as he holds onto Fundy's arm, "Eret—" he repeats uselessly, "Eret— and, he— Eret. I — Eret."

And it feels like he's back there with concrete on his back and the air being pushed out of him and he can barely breathe let alone think and Theseus could've killed him, he could've easily killed both of them and—

"I think I'm gonna be sick," is all that Wilbur can manage.

"Please don't— throw up on me?" Fundy says slowly, and Wilbur manages a smile at his tone. "I lied— today can get worse if you throw up on me."

"I might," Wilbur mutters absent mindedly, "He could've killed us."

"A dedicated duck could kill us?"

And Wilbur... he doesn't know how to explain it, not to Fundy, not now when his mind is racing and he can barely think and the—

Noise of explosions and the building crumbling around him.

“Wil? Are you— are you okay?”

“You’re okay— holy shit you’re okay.”

These are very much not like his actual flashback, and he grabs onto his arm, trying not to lurch— normal flashbacks aren't like this— they're not normally like this, what is happening? The fuck is happening to him?

[epic cool transition here]

He looks at Phil, who is standing in front of him.

And Wilbur's never pretended to be overly strong, he just... he just isn't.

He breaks down at the sight of Phil, sitting down on the bed and covering his face, and all Phil can do is

And Phil just hugs him.

Wilbur cries, and it feels like there's something broken in his chest but...

He's here.

It's not enough.

Wilbur and his Meds

Shockingly enough, going off the medication that someone has been on, pretty consistently, for ten years isn't good for your general health and wellbeing.

Which is why Wilbur is clutched over the toilet, grabbing both sides of it as he throws up any food he had today. Which is not good for anything, his knuckles are white from how hard he's holding the side of either toilet.

This is terrible.

Wilbur dry-retchs again and the sound of it makes him want to throw up even more.

Shockingly enough this isn't overly good for his health.

Wilbur's stomach lurches again and he doesn't even care that his hair is basically brushing against the toilet water which is also more vomit than water at this point. Because his stomach feels like he's going to explode.

He has a headache.

His stomach hurts.

And Wilbur wants to cry.

Eventually he figures that he's done with this whole affair and he rolls so he's leaning against the wall of the bathroom, he sighs and looks up at the ceiling. His neck hurts from the way he's craning and he just wants to start crying aggressively.

With a sigh, Wilbur runs a hand down his face.

This is terrible.

The headache he has is awful, he manages to roll over so he's laying on his stomach again. It feels like there's a hammer against his head just hitting it repeatedly, his stomach lurches again.

Well if he dies he'll be on his stomach, in his bathroom, wishing for death.

Fitting.

Wilbur runs a hand through his hair and rests his head on the side of the tile, he wants to explode just a little bit.

His stomach lurches again and Wilbur sighs.

Vaguely he's aware of a knock on the door.

Wilbur's Coma Dream:

Wilbur— he once read a thing about dead people having dreams, then he read a thing about people in comas having... not exactly dreams, but something similar.

He supposes that explains why he's staring at a brown-haired teenager.

The teenager is— well shorter than Wilbur is, he looks older, there's something happy in his eyes though, something still alive, something that hasn't had to deal with the things Wilbur has.

His heart aches at that.

His brain is about to bully him with a version of his younger self.

The teenager's hair is a curly mess, falling into his eyes and sticking to his forehead.

What makes this even weirder is the two bat-like wings that extend from the teen's back, they're beautiful, not in the way that Phil's wings were ever beautiful, but in the way that looking on an old painting you did as a kid is.

That's him.

Or— whatever version of him his potentially dying brain has come up with. With wings that he'll never really grow into— and cause him tremendous amounts of back pain for the rest of his life.

Wilbur sighs.

The teenager looks up at him, with the judgement that only a teenager really holds.

"Hey bud," Wilbur says gently, tilting his head slightly and looking at the kid in front of him. He puts his hands in his pocket and looks down at the floor.

The thing looking back at him is... as close to a teenaged Wilbur as Wilbur can imagine it being. He's wearing a fucking Pokemon t-shirt that has holes slit in the back like most of his clothes did at that age.

There's pen on his hands.

Wilbur was always writing as a teenager.

He doesn't write anymore.

"You're... me."

Wilbur hums.

"What's the future like?" Teenaged-Brain-Wilbur asks, his eyes lighting up

"It's going to be difficult," Wilbur says, and he means it and then some, "And sometimes—you're gonna think no one loves you, and that you are alone. And you're going to do— really fucking stupid things, because of it. But kid, you're so fucking cared about."

"I am?"

"Always," Wilbur whispers, "You're loved, you are— you won't get it, until you're looking back. But you've always been cared about, you always will be cared about. How old are you, child in my head?"

"Thirteen."

“Fourteen-year-old is as loved as you are,” Wilbur says, “So is fifteen-year-old you, and so is eighteen-year-old you. And I’m not sure why I’m telling you this, because you’re literally only in my head.”

“Only?” Teenaged Wilbur laughs at him, “You’re also in your head.”

Wilbur snorts.

“Did we become a hero?”

“We did.”

“... are you happy like that?”

That makes Wilbur look up, staring at the mirror of green eyes.

“No, but I’m happy I’m surrounded by the people I am. And I’m happy that I’m alive and I’m happy that I’m cared for and loved. We’re gonna leave as soon as we can, fuck the hero committee and go farm goats.”

“I’m terrified of goats.”

“You get over it,” Wilbur snorts.

A moment of silence, “You say I’m loved, right?”

“Yeah, you are.”

“What about you?” Teenaged Wilbur asks, crossing his arms, “Are you loved? You don’t have your wings. You don’t— look like me, you look sadder. You look older.”

Wilbur looks down for a moment, “I’m cared about,” he says, and he thinks he means that and then some, “I’m loved— it doesn’t feel like it sometimes, but I am.”

Tina! Wilbur Being a Picky Eater as a Kid

“No.” Is what Wilbur says, pushing the bowl away.

Phil turns around. “No? What do you mean no.”

“Not eating it.” Wilbur crosses his arms, with the sass that only an eleven-year-old that knows their guardian is out of their depth can manage. “It’s gross.”

“What’s wrong with the soup?” Phil asks, “You eat everything that is in here.”

“Bad feeling.”

Phil pauses for a moment, staring at Wilbur.

Now, what the fuck does *that* mean. Bad feeling could mean Wilbur thinks the soup is going to curse him and his entire family. Bad feeling could mean the thought of soup just makes Wilbur sad.

Wilbur just looks at him.

Phil looks back. “Can I get any more information on that?”

“It tastes fine...” Wilbur says carefully, “Bad mouth feeling.”

“Bad mouth...” Phil squints at Wilbur.

Wilbur shrugs, “I want chicken nuggets.”

“Wilbur, we don’t keep those in the house.”

“I like chicken nuggets, no bad mouth feeling.”

“Wilbur, I have no clue what you mean like that.”

Wilbur sighs, crossing his arms, “Y’know when you’re eating a food, and the thought of the food touching the inside of your mouth makes you want to throw up?”

Phil stares at him. “No?”

“No, no, that’s normal,” Wilbur says, “I do it.”

Phil laughs, crossing his arms and looking at Wilbur, expression amused. “Just because you do something buddy, doesn’t mean the rest of the world does. Can you explain it again to me please?”

Wilbur looks like he’s debating murder.

Phil just needs to know what Wilbur is thinking, and why he won’t eat the fucking soup, because it is incredibly hard to get that kid to have any sort of nutrition. Which is fine, until

it's not.

“Feels gross. Too many things happening at once.”

“Oh,” Phil says, “You have textural issues.”

Wilbur squints at him, “Huh?”

“Textural issues,” Phil repeats, “Do clothes sometimes have the same effect but on your skin?”

Wilbur nods.

Phil feels like he is vastly underequipped to handle this situation.

Alright.

Child he is taking care of, has textural issues. Phil isn't going to act shocked by this, Wilbur is a strange child who keeps eating food in strange ways.

“Alright,” Phil says, “That's okay, but you can't just eat chicken nuggets forever—”

“Why not?”

“It's bad for you.”

Teenage TINAAOS! Wilbur Being a Tryhard Always:

Wilbur was aware that he did not need to be trying this hard at dodgeball. He was so, so, *so* fucking aware that he did not need to be going this hard.

On the other hand, what was the point in getting training from the most experienced people in the world if he didn't use it to try and win at dodgeball at his school. Phil had been real sure that Wilbur was supposed to finish school.

So, this was going to be fun.

Wilbur grinned.

His side of the court was basically out, the teacher had split them up into teams. Wilbur tilted his head slightly, holding the dodgeball in his hand, this wasn't that much different to trying to avoid a flurry of hits.

Except, this would probably hurt way less.

Wilbur could feel his wings against the back of his shirt, clearly wanting to get him the fuck out of here. Now, while that would be hilarious, that would mean Phil would have a lot of explaining to do.

He sighed, he might not be allowed to fly away, but he could twist out of the way.

Wilbur crouched down, grinning at the classmate in front of him.

"Bring it," Wilbur whispered, unable to stop the smile from taking over his face.

Wilbur didn't know what parts of it were pure fear and which parts were him messing around. There was a panic rising in his chest that he found hit him when fights went badly, he could feel the adrenaline rushing.

There was something desperate in the way he ducked, before pelting the ball much harder than he meant to.

It hit Jared right in the face.

CONNECT

Someone grabbed Wilbur, knocking him into the wall and Wilbur's hand darted to his side, for a knife that wasn't there. Right. Not at training. Wilbur instead grit his teeth, debating whether he should break Jared's hand or not.

"What?" Wilbur asked.

"The fuck was that?"

"I beat you at dodgeball," Wilbur said carefully, if Phil could see him right now he'd probably be both mad and disappointed. Wilbur was having fun though. "Quite badly actually — it was rather rough for you."

"How the fuck can you do that shit?"

"Tried gettin' good?" Wilbur asked, his voice didn't shake. He had fought people stronger and smarter than him, Jared wouldn't be a fucking issue. "C'mon, surely you're not going to let yourself get beaten up by a twig with limbs—"

And Wilbur knew Jared was going to attempt and punch him before Jared seemed to.

Wilbur had thrown his own weight to the side, ducking out of the way of the immediate blow.

He threw up both hands above his head to catch Jared's wild swing.

He managed to twist Jared's wrist so it was behind his back.

With little hesitation Wilbur drove Jared into the floor, pressing his knee against Jared's back, the noise Jared made as Wilbur hit him into the floor was very satisfying.

"Jared Laurier. Your dad's on the committee, you know who I am. Don't even try that, you were always gonna get your ass beaten up."

Wilbur hesitated for a moment, before getting back up onto his feet and sighing slightly.

Teenagers.

The worst, he should know, he was one of those.

Wilbur sighed.

Chapter End Notes

NONE OF THIS IS CANON!!

also it's unedited
because fuck editing

will the world treat him better than it treated me?

Chapter Summary

Evelyn Morado is eighteen when she has her son. She is young and terrified and her hands shake the entire way home as she's holding him.

His eyes are grey like hers.

Chapter Notes

i guess I should say this chapter deals with teen pregnancy. Evelyn is an adult when she was pregnant and when she gives birth but she is 18 and still a teenager

I listened a lot to 'i believe in magic' by halsey while writing this which is a beautiful song. this is not my cleanest or best work, i just felt like i had to get off my chest this backstory i'd held about purpled's family. something like this could end up in the main fic, i don't reckon though. all of this is stuff that purpled would have no way of remembering or knowing.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Evelyn Morado is eighteen when she has her son. She is young and terrified and her hands shake the entire way home as she's holding him. Her mother is in the car, lecturing about things that Evelyn has already heard time and time again about her future and the decision to have a child and all things that Evelyn can't bring herself to care about.

His eyes are grey like hers.

His hair is thin and blond like hers and he's so small, with his little hand that wraps around people's fingers and eyes that are closed most of the time. He breathes heavily, not quite a snore and bordering on it.

Evelyn didn't know that babies could snore until now. He's so little curled up in her arms, his breaths move his little chest and he breathes so much. This living thing that she's created in her own body that now rests in her arms where he can be safe from the world forever.

The car eventually rolls to a stop, her mother is still talking about *something* but Evelyn doesn't care to hear it. Her son is cradled in her arms so nothing else matters. She manages to hold onto him with one arm as she swings the door open with her other arm.

His neck is tucked in, Evelyn is holding him securely even as her mother yells after her about adoption and things that Evelyn will never do.

The house is small, the house has always been small, there's three incomes and still it's small.

Evelyn does have her own bedroom though, it used to be the smallest dining room in the world, then when she got pregnant everyone realised she had to stop sharing her bedroom with her sister.

Her bedroom still holds signs from her childhood, there's curtains of a cartoon she never had the heart to take down. There are plushies on her bed, there are school books still thrown over her desk.

There's also a cot jammed in the corner of the room underneath a shelf of trophies she got in high school. A section of her small closet has been thrown out to make room for nappies and baby clothes and all of the things someone needs.

Sitting on her bed, a small single bed that Evelyn outgrew years ago is her sister.

Carissa doesn't look that much like her. Her face is thinner and her eyes narrow, she tans in the sun instead of burns and her hair is bleached blonde from being out in the sun all day. She's taller and stronger, but still she has the same grey eyes they all have.

Evelyn smiles, taking a few steps to the gap between the cot and her bed. She holds her arms down lower so the most important person in her life can see her son.

Carissa gasps, her hands clap over her mouth and all she does is look at her new nephew, "can I hold him?"

And it's Carissa, so Evelyn doesn't hesitate to tell her sister how to rearrange her arms. She doesn't hesitate to drop the baby in her arms, and her sister will not hesitate to bring him slightly closer.

Carissa's eyes go slightly wider as she stares down at her nephew.

"He's so small," Carissa whispers, she looks genuinely amazed, mouth slightly open as she marvels in... the new life that has crash landed into her own life, "you made this!" Carissa holds him a little tighter.

Evelyn laughs, slowly leaning over to look at her son again. Her sister—the light of her light holding her son, the new beacon that Evelyn didn't realise she would spend the rest of her life trying to secure a future for.

People talk about pregnancy, people talk about being a parent—Evelyn is pretty sure she's talked to everyone about it. Nothing warned her about the dull acceptance that this is the best thing that ever happened to her, that this small child is the best thing that she will ever do in her life.

And she'll get to watch him—grow and go to school and—

She created a life in her own body and now the other kid that Evelyn got to watch grow up—her own sister, gets to hold this tiny being in her arms and cry about it.

“What do you want to call him?” her sister asks.

The name has come up before— Evelyn never told her parents any of the names that she actually wanted to name him. She was *never* going to call her child Sebastian though, no matter what she may have told her parents.

“Jasper...” Evelyn whispers.

“Jasper Morado,” Carissa smiles wider, “that sounds like a superhero name.”

“God, no,” Evelyn laughs, “he’s too little to be a hero— look at his little hands. They couldn’t hold a weapon even if they wanted to.”

Carissa smiles, looking down at Jasper who is staring up at her with wide grey eyes, “if he keeps looking at me I’m going to cry.”

Jasper keeps looking at her.

Carissa starts crying again.

Evelyn holds out her arms, and takes Jasper in her own arms as Carissa wipes at her eyes.

She can feel Jasper’s heartbeat as she holds him, and she knows that she’ll have to feed him soon. She knows that’s going to be a fucking journey, she knows she probably needs a change table that she can’t afford and she knows she needs to get back to work and she can’t let her parents or twin babysit him.

There’s also no daycare option that Evelyn can afford.

These are all problems that Evelyn can look after later though, right now she’s holding Jasper to her chest and she can feel him breathing and feel his little heart beat. He doesn’t know anything about the world now— he doesn’t know about cars or trees or what it means to hurt or what it means to love someone.

Everything good and gentle in the world is in her arms.

Her sister manages a smile, sitting back slightly. Her legs cross on the bed and she brushes her hair out of her face, “Jasper like the stone?”

“I mean—” Evelyn laughs, “I’m not opposed to it, jasper stones were historically used for protection. The name means— treasure I think, it was in the name book that I got out from the library.”

“Ev...” her sister’s hand rests on her leg, “I know you want to do history— you don’t—”

Evelyn can only shake her head, “he’s mine, Carissa I couldn’t just do that to him.”

“Your dreams are important too, Ev,” Carissa doesn’t move her hand.

And Evelyn knows. She knew that having him meant that some of her dreams would disappear. She also knew... a lot of those dreams shrivelled up and died when she was born in Logstedchire. These dreams are so far gone that Evelyn always knew she couldn’t get them back.

Instead, now she is holding the most precious thing she will ever know.

“He’s my future, Carissa,” Evelyn whispers, “I know what I wanted before— now I just want him to live, now I just want him to be so happy. I want him to—”

Carissa nods, “I know, I know... he’s pretty cute.”

“I’m so glad he’s not an ugly baby,” Evelyn says through the tears that are starting to stream down her face, “I was so scared he’d be ugly and I’d have to hate him but he’s so fucking cute.”

Jasper makes the smallest noise in the world and Carissa takes a steadying breath as tears well in her eyes.

Evelyn leans down to her son, looking at his tiny hands. His eyes are still closed and he’s still sleeping and Evelyn’s entire soul hurts inside her chest in the greatest way— her heart now walks outside of her body, her heart now exists in this little boy.

“Look at your hands!” Evelyn coos, “I made them for you.”

Finally Jasper’s eyes open and she’s met with the gentle grey eyes that she recognises from her own face, the gentle grey eyes from Carissa that are now looking down. Carissa makes a pained noise and has to look away.

Tears fill Carissa’s eyes and all Evelyn can bring herself to do is laugh as she clasps a hand over Carrisa’s, “I know.”

“He’s not even mine and I get why parents die for their children.”

“He’s pretty fucking excellent, that’s right Jasper! You’re pretty fucking excellent!”

Jasper doesn’t provide her with a lot more of a response than continuing to stare at her with the widest grey eyes.

Evelyn sets Jasper on her hip as she moves around the kitchen, “and then—” she explains to Jasper, who can’t do much talking on account of being seven months old, but he’s really giving it a go, “I was confused because my manager told me to do it that way, yet here he was, yelling at me.”

Jasper gives her a thoughtful ‘ah’ about that.

“Now, Jay, that’s a good point but I really think that we have to remember he’s just a man.”

“Bah!” Jasper says back.

“Now, my love, I know you’re *also* technically a man— but before you’re a man you’re a baby.”

“Ah!”

“Good point, my love,” Evelyn shifts Jasper on her hip, and he shoves his hand in his mouth, “I think you could take my manager in a fight—” she sighs at the fridge in front of her she goes scanning for everything.

“Mum! We’re out of soy sauce.”

“Literally how?” she yells back, “is it on the shopping list?”

“I put it on yesterday,” Clarissa yells from her bedroom.

The house is small enough that everyone can yell at each other throughout the house.

Evelyn gives Jasper a look, and Jasper can’t actually judge people because he’s a baby and babies are incapable of judgement, but somehow he’s found a way.

“If it’s not on the list I swear—” Evelyn

Up the road there’s a screech of something, metal hits something. Evelyn pauses, her eyes glance out the window. Down the road is— something.

What actually matters is the echoing shatter and then the sound of something thumping into their house.

Evelyn instinctively holds Jasper closer to her, before glancing to the lounge room where her mum is standing and glancing out the window.

There’s a moment of silence around them as everyone tries to realise what happened.

Then like someone has picked the wrong block out of a jenga tower— the house shakes and then splits and then *falls* .

One second it’s five people in a house talking about groceries and dinner and then the next second the house is being ripped apart and metal and brick screech and slide as the light of daylight slips away as more and more things cloud her vision from above.

Evelyn gasps as something hits her stomach and there’s a sickening noise of flesh being torn through. Pain shoots through her entire stomach and chest and all she can do is turn to look at Jasper.

She’s pinned to something, there’s— stuff all around them, bits of wood and stone and— Evelyn takes a shuddering breath. Jasper is in her arms, he’s bawling his eyes out and somehow that’s what hurts Evelyn the most.

They're stuck under rubble of some kind, Evelyn can't make out *what* it is, all she knows is two seconds ago she was standing in her kitchen and enjoying the warm afternoon light and now she's choking on dust and everything's dark apart from slithers of golden sunlight.

"Hey, hey—" Evelyn whispers and she looks at Jasper.

Jasper doesn't look injured at all, there's a small cut from where a piece of rubble of something scraped across his hand, but otherwise he looks okay. He's crying and clinging onto Evelyn but he's okay.

He's okay.

Because he's okay, everything's okay.

Jasper's eyes land on Evelyn's and for a few moments there's a heavy pit of grief in Evelyn's stomach.

"Hey," Evelyn whispers, "you're okay Jay."

Jasper just stares at her.

Evelyn is pinned to something, she tries to move her body off of it but pain shoots through again and tears well in her eyes. It feels like her body is trying to boil from her stomach outwards. Her hands dart towards her stomach.

Something is protruding out her chest cavity.

Oh.

Oh that's not good.

"Fuck not blood," Evelyn whispers, she takes a steadying breath looking down at the dark patch starting to spread on her stomach and stain her clothes. Her head spins for a moment, she turns her effort back onto Jasper, slowly moving him so he's on the clear patch of floor next to her.

The pain shoots through her as she moves Jasper onto the floor next to her. She stretches her arm out, leaning Jasper's head on her arm as she starts to look around. She's pinned by something to the ground that's hovering vaguely above her.

She can't hear Clarissa or her parents.

It's just her and Jasper.

Jasper lets out another cry.

"Hey, hey," Evelyn whispers, "you're okay, my love. I know it's scary but we're okay."

She doesn't know how much dust Jasper's breathed in, she doesn't know how to stop that. She's pinned— she's losing blood— she doesn't know where her family is or what happened

apart from the way her vision is swimming now.

Blood.

She's going to fucking pass out if she's not careful. She pulls Jasper closer to her, so anything that falls on them can mostly hit her. She's not sure what else she can do about that— she just needs Jasper to be safe.

Jasper keeps sniffing and all Evelyn can bring herself to do is put a hand on him.

"You're alright," she whispers, "we're alright."

Her eyes are heavier, everything feels sluggish. Jasper is breathing in and out evenly, he's sniffing but he's okay— he's okay— there's a little cut on his hand and that's alright. That's to be expected.

The real issues are dust inhalation, his lungs are so small and weak.

"You're okay Jay," Evelyn says again, "Aunt Clarissa is gonna take such good care of you honey— she loves you so much. I love you so much—"

Her head is fuzzy, not quite there but not quite anywhere else. The only clear thing right now is Jasper. Jasper is okay, his little grey eyes are staring at her and everything feels so much scarier because of that.

"Your father wanted to name you Jasper," Evelyn doesn't know why she says it, Jasper isn't going to remember any of this and it's not like Evelyn left a note explaining all of Jasper's family tree. No one thinks they're going to die, "he was in my class in high school when we were younger— left highschool when he was fifteen— we got back in contact after I graduated. He died in a work accident when I was three months pregnant with you. They didn't— do the— safety inspections."

Jasper just looks at her with his little eyes.

"He was so excited to meet you," Evelyn's voice shakes as her eyelids get heavier and heavier.

Everything hurts so badly.

Her breathing becomes a wheezing thing as her head spins, it all hurts but Jasper needs her and she needs to stay awake for her son but she's so tired.

With her bloodied hand she manages to cup her hand as gently as possible against Jasper's face.

He's still so small, he's grown so much but he's impossibly small.

His eyes are still that same grey as hers, the same eyes that hold the future in them— her future. Jasper will be okay, no matter what happens Jasper will be okay. He will survive this and he will live and that's all Evelyn ever wanted for her son.

This little light in her life, this gentle, sweet boy who likes running his fingers through people's hair and doesn't pull. This boy who cries when other people look sad and this boy who will fuss until he gets to stand up— he can't even stand on his own yet.

Her stubborn, loving, little boy who will grow and grow and he will *live* and he will get to go to university if he wants and he won't have to lose anyone he loves because of work accidents.

They find Evelyn Morado's body three hours later, and a screaming child curled next to her. One hand bunched into her hair, the other hand curled and holding onto her shirt.

In the coming hours they find the rest of the Morado's.

The house was built not up to code, and a hero being smacked through it is what finally collapsed the two-storey house on the family.

A now-orphaned boy survives.

Fifteen years later a boy who goes by the name of Purpled will need to come up with a new identity.

Daniel Greyson will be what he decides on.

The fake middle name he gives himself will be Jasper. He'll never know why, only that the name floods something that nearly feels like a home he never got through his body.

At seventeen he'll look at his bloodied hands and realise that his blood looks like a jasper stone.

At seventeen he'll lament for a family he never got to experience— at seventeen he will not know he was adored by two of the strongest women he'll never get to meet. There is no way of knowing his eyes are grey because his mother's are grey.

There will be a woman, who is clever and rich, and she will know that no one will care for this young orphan from North-East Logstedchire, there's enough going on there at the best of times.

So she will take him in, and immediately start failing to train this child into an assassin. She will not know that this child, who will have his name and past stripped from him will be the gentlest of all the children she ends up training.

Purpled will know the version of his past where he was sold because his parents couldn't afford to take care of him and he will train to be an assassin.

He will not know he was a nephew, he will not know he was a son or a grandson and he will not know that when Evelyn Morado looked at him, she saw nothing but the future in his eyes.

He will not know he was unconditionally loved.

And he'll spend the rest of his life trying to earn the love he already was given the first time he opened his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

I cried a lot writing this. Purpled will literally never get to know that he was unconditionally loved. The thing he's always struggled with was something given to him without expectation by two young women the second he was born. Cassandra Sygrove and Evelyn Morado are like... polar opposites.

also this is not related to The Apartment Collapse, this happened in 2005 (in the tinaaos universe)

self worth, orphans and futures

Chapter Summary

“Do you ever feel like you’re failing at every role you’re supposed to play—” Tommy says, like a normal person who is worried about normal people things.

“Um. What?”

or, some goldenboys things i haven't been able to bring up in the main fic yet (i also miss writing them)

Chapter Notes

hello friends and enemies, I have been having quite a rough go of it recently and it will probably get rougher. So... I wrote goldenboys because it got so bad tina!tommy has been put back in my character daydream rotation.

This is probably canon! Taking place during Tommy's Theseus break

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy lays flat on his back staring up at the ceiling above him. Purpled laying flat on his stomach and reaching out for another slice of pizza. There’s music playing that Tommy doesn’t really know, but Purpled says a coworker said it was good.

It’s okay.

Purpled grabs the slice of pizza.

“Do you ever feel like you’re failing at every role you’re supposed to play—” Tommy says, like a normal person who is worried about normal people things.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Purpled’s head shift towards him. He takes a bite out of the pizza, eyes still boring into the side of Tommy’s head.

“Um. What?”

“Nevermind,” Tommy says.

Purpled blinks at him for a few seconds. Then he promptly drops the pizza slice back into the box and rolls until he’s laying next to Tommy and also on his back. “I feel like this isn’t a

conversation we can have if I'm looking at you."

"You are correct."

Purpled snorts, crossing his arms. Their shoulders are pressed against each other and Tommy likes the comfort of it— knowing that Purpled is next to him and that things are going to be okay just because of that.

"What do you mean?" Purpled says carefully.

Tommy sighs, covering his eyes with his arm because that feels less vulnerable. Like if he hides his face he can run away from the reality of the words that he's saying. He sighs, a long and tired thing,

Purpled nudges Tommy's shoulder with his own.

Tommy groans. "Nothing I do is ever good enough..." Tommy says slowly, hoping the words will just start pouring out of him. But they don't. Everything is an effort to say, and Tommy half wants to rip his tongue out of his head.

Purpled is quiet, the way he always is when Tommy needs to start stitching his own thoughts together.

"I was a bad son, I'm a bad friend, I'm bad at my job— I was so bad at being Theseus I quit. I'm bad at everything I fucking do and no matter how long I spend trying to catch up with it, I'm still bad at these things. I can't put more effort into being a son— my parents are long dead and—"

Tommy falls into a silence he doesn't know how to feel.

"I can tell you that you're not a bad friend or at your job but I feel like that won't actually help what's going on in your head."

Tommy keeps his arm covered over his eyes, but he nods.

Sometimes he hates that, the times where Purpled seems to pick out exactly what's wrong in a way that other people can't. He's known if Tommy is having a bad day based on his tone, he just knows Tommy in a way that very few other people do.

That sometimes terrifies him.

It's nice— to be known like this though. It's nice to know that all of Tommy's flaws are seen and acknowledged and also loved.

Purpled is quiet for a long moment and Tommy can almost hear the thoughts whirring in his head. "You don't need to be good at any of these things for us to love you."

And there it is.

The heart of the issue.

Purpled shooting through the walls that Tommy has put around his heart and managing to snipe the core issue that's actually bothering Tommy. And Tommy *knows* that Purpled knows him well, and he *knows* that Purpled can read him like this—

Sometimes it just surprises him, that's all.

Tommy takes his arm off his face and takes a deep breath to stop himself from immediately bawling. He sits up because that feels a lot less personal than what's currently happening. He scrubs at his eyes like that will encourage the tears to leave before they start falling.

Purpled sits up too, slowly. "For what it's worth I don't think your parents deserved a better son. I think they deserved a worse one who bit them."

Tommy laughs, feeling the tears start to enter his eyes. "I did bite Mum once, she really wasn't happy with me about that."

"You should bite more people," Purpled says intelligently, nodding his head. "Next time your boss asks for more work— just chow down."

"Chow down?" Tommy can't help the laughter that enters his voice. "You want me to— *chow down* on my boss?"

"Worth a shot, aye?"

"I am not going to *chow down* on my boss— the person who employs me and keeps me employed and is the reason we can pay our bills."

Purpled is quiet for a long moment. There's clothes rustling as Purpled reaches behind him for the piece of pizza that he abandoned to talk some sense into Tommy. Purpled sighs before going back to eating his pizza.

And Tommy knows this is Purpled's non-subtle chance to give Tommy an out.

Tommy— is pretty sure he's going to take it this time. "How are we supposed to get a cat if I have no income? Ignoring all the issues with being a cat parent— including our instability and commitment issues."

Purpled pulls a face.

A face that means Tommy has said something that Purpled disagrees with entirely.

Whoops.

"I think I'd be fine at looking after a cat," Purpled mumbles. "They're more self-reliant than a child and I actually want a child... it would be like practice."

And *that* is what makes Tommy's brain shoot out of the back of his head. He knows a lot about Purpled, he knows Purpled's blood type and his greatest fears listed by the traumatic events that accompanied them.

He did *not* know that Purpled wants kids *even slightly*.

If Tommy was eating or drinking he would've spat it all out, but because he's not he just looks at Purpled.

Now Tommy knows, in his head logically, that some people want kids. Statistically they *have to*, he just— would not picture anyone in his life *wanting* kids. Everyone in his life knows how easy it is to fuck up a kid forever—

Including Purpled.

“You want kids?” Tommy asks, he really, really tries to keep the disbelief out of his voice.

Purpled looks back at the pizza, taking another slice.

“What? You gonna settle down with a nice woman— or man— or neither?”

Purpled screws his face up, “ew— no. Imagine you get into bed to cry and there's a *person* there.” Purpled shudders, shaking his head a little bit before looking up at the ceiling instead of at Tommy. “But yeah— I want a family.”

“You'd be a good dad.”

Purpled rolls his eyes. “I really would not.”

“Better than mine.”

“That's not fair— anyone would be better than yours,” Purpled replies with a snort. He's quiet for a few moments, clearly thinking. “Having kids would be nice— getting to watch someone turn from a kid to an adult seems— yeah... I'd like that.”

“Where you sourcing these kids from, Greyson?”

“We live in Logstedchire,” Purpled waves his hand. “There's enough orphans around.”

Tommy bursts out with laughter.

“For what it's worth... I know you wouldn't be like your parents.”

Tommy gives Purpled a short smile. “It means jackshit. I don't want kids.”

“Wanna babysit my gaggle of orphans?”

Tommy barks out with laughter, rolling his eyes. There's that safe feeling settling in his stomach again. Maybe he's not the greatest friend or son or employee of all time— he doesn't *need* to be any of those things to be loved by the people who matter.

He doesn't need to be the greatest friend in the entire world for Purpled to offer him to babysit his non-existent adopted children. He reaches for a slice of pizza before shoving half the thing into his mouth.

Tommy then promptly starts choking on the pizza as he starts laughing at Purpled's perturbed face.

Chapter End Notes

I'm excited that this kinda confirms aroace!purpled (which is what I've been writing him as for years but there was never a chance to bring it up), was a bit of a vent piece for me AND allows me to write about purpled wanting kids, which is a thing i've known for ages but like... where tf do you add that. (These topics might come up again in the main fic, I just wanna write about them now)

There's a lot in this tiny piece of writing which I could analyse foreverrrr

End Notes

Keep in mind, Chapters with a * in front of them are not canon.
While ones without it are.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!